THE SNAKES ATTACKED MARY ELIZABETH O'KOREN DURING FIFTH PERIOD CIVICS.
THEY SQUIRMED UNDER THE DOOR AND PLOPPED FROM THE CRACKS IN THE CEILING AND OOZED, HISSING AND SPITTING, BETWEEN THE FLOORBOARDS OF OUR LADY OF HOPE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.
THEY CRAWLED OVER THE DESKS AND CHAIRS AND THE RUSTY SKELETON OF THE OLD RADIATOR IN THE CORNER AND
AAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAA
THEY FELL IN HER HAIR AND NOW THEY'RE WRIGGLING UP HER LEGS AND SLITHERING DOWN HER THROAT.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH SISTER HELEN? WHY DOESN'T SHE DO SOMETHING? CAN'T SHE SEE THEM!--

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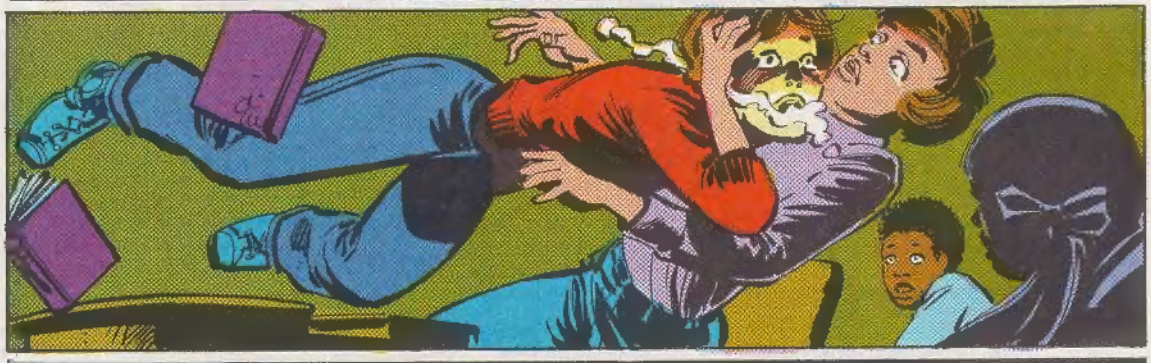
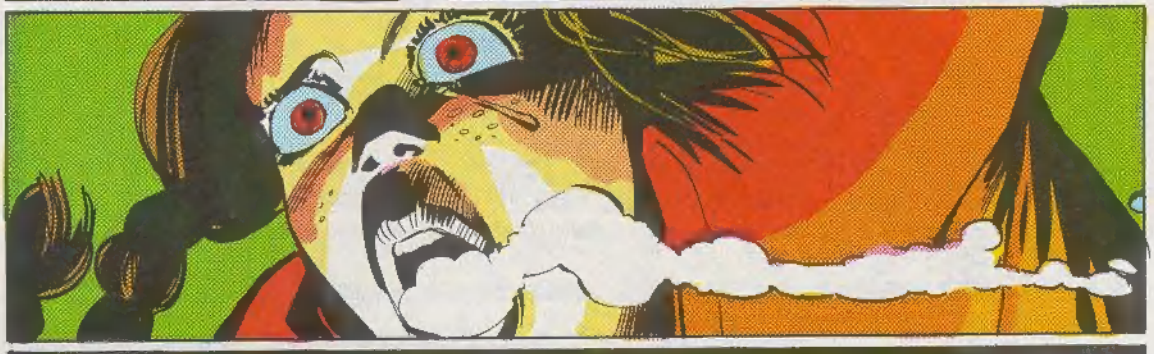
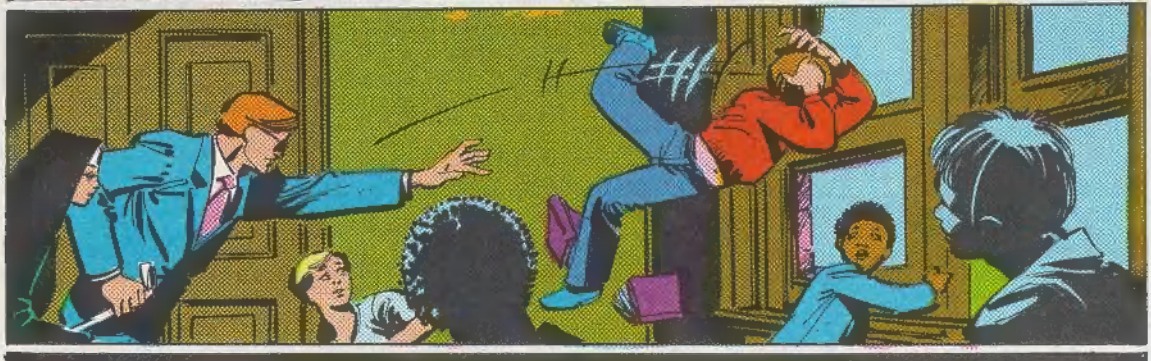
--OR IS SHE JUST AS **BLIND** AS THAT LAWYER, MURDOCK? WHY DOESN'T SHE TELL HIM TO SHUT UP ABOUT THE LAW AND THE CONSTITUTION AND



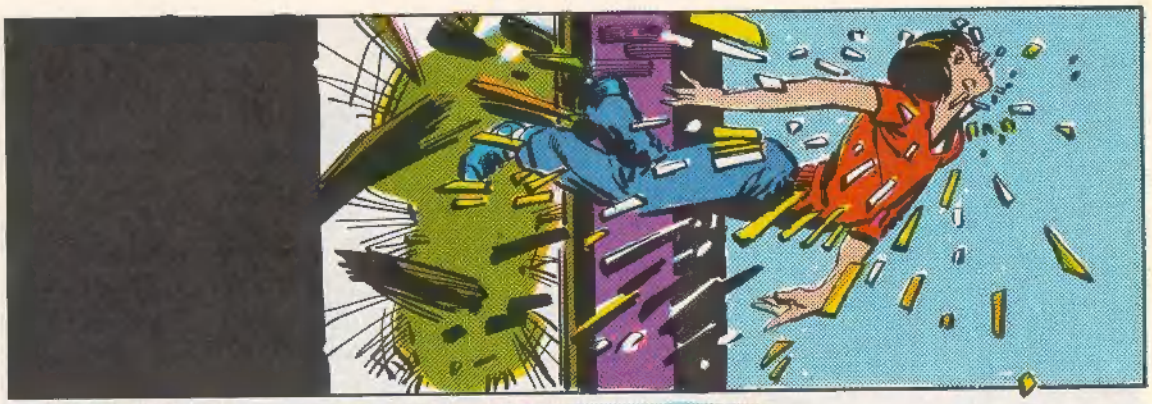
MAKE HIM TAKE HIS CANE LIKE SAINT PATRICK AND DRIVE THE SNAKES AWAY? **AWAY.** YES. SHE HAS TO GET AWAY. THE SNAKES HAVE WRIGGLED



INTO HER EARS AND THEY WHISPER AWFUL THINGS TO HER AND WHEN SHE TRIES NOT TO LISTEN THEY BITE HER AND FILL HER WITH SO MUCH DARK,



BURNING POISON THAT HER HEAD IS GOING TO **BURST**...



STAN LEE PRESENTS

CHILD'S PLAY

ROGER McKENZIE / FRANK MILLER / KLAUS JANSON
WRITERS ARTISTS

KLAUS JANSON / JOE ROSEN / DENNY O'NEIL
COLORS LETTERS EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER, SUPERVISOR

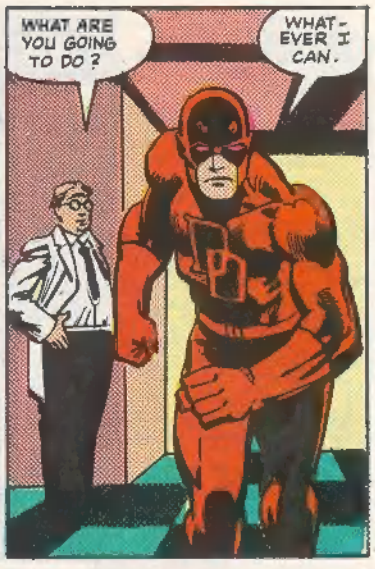
AND SPECIAL THANKS TO ED POLLOCK & KEN DIAS OF PHOENIX HOUSE FOR THEIR TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE.

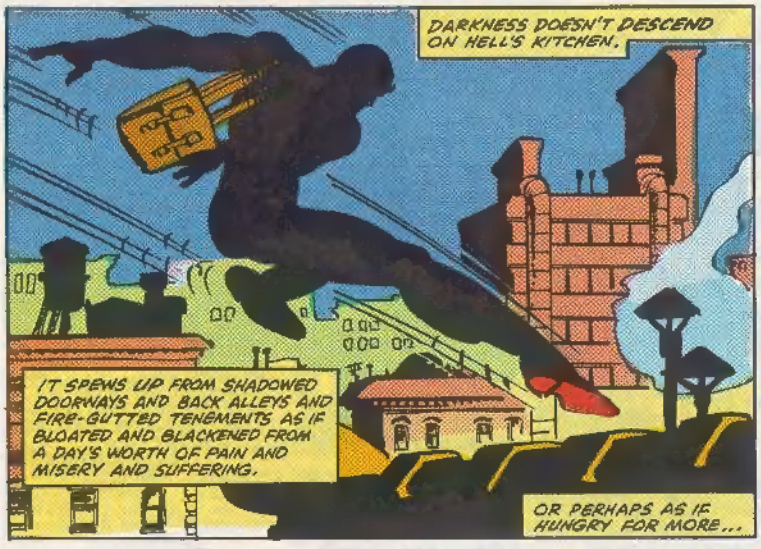
DAREDEVIL!
WOW!
IT'S DAREDEVIL, COACH DONAHUE! MAYBE HE CAN...
WHAT'S KEEPING THAT AMBULANCE?
AN AMBULANCE MAY TAKE FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GET HERE.
SHE WON'T LAST THAT LONG.
THEN HELP HER, MAN!
SHE'S ONLY TWELVE...
CALL THE HOSPITAL.
TELL THEM TO PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY SURGERY.
SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY FOR THE ACCIDENT THAT BLINDED ME AND AMPLIFIED MY REMAINING SENSES.
SOMETIMES I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE WORLD OF SOUND AND SMELL IT OPENED UP FOR ME--A WORLD NO OTHER MAN CAN SHARE.
SCREECH
SOMETIMES.
NOT NOW.
I CAN FEEL HER SHATTERED RIBS... HER CRUSHED VERTEBRAE...
I CAN HEAR HER HEARTBEAT SLOWING... STOPPING...
THE HOSPITAL.
I PRAY I'M IN TIME...

TOO LATE, DAREDEVIL. WE'RE TOO LATE. SHE DIED ON THE OPERATING TABLE.
IF WE'D HAD ANOTHER FEW MINUTES... IF NOT FOR THE DRUGS... WE MIGHT HAVE SAVED--
DRUGS?
PHENCYCLIDINE, ANGEL DUST.
...ANGEL DUST... YOU'RE SURE?
POSITIVE. I'VE SEEN THE SYMPTOMS OFTEN ENOUGH. LORD, IT'S ALL SUCH A WASTE...
LAST WEEK WE TREATED A BOY, FOURTEEN, IT WAS HIS FIRST BAD TRIP ON DUST. HE THOUGHT HE SAW SOMETHING SO TERRIFYING HE'D GOUGED HIS EYES OUT WITH HIS OWN HANDS.
CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW TRAGIC IT MUST BE TO LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE TOTALLY BLIND?
YES.
WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?
I'VE ASKED MYSELF THAT A MILLION TIMES, BUT THE ANSWER'S ALWAYS THE SAME... VERY LITTLE.
UNLIKE HEROIN OR COCAINE, PHENCYCLIDINE IS A SYNTHETIC SUBSTANCE THAT'S EASY TO MAKE AND INEXPENSIVE TO BUY.
IT CAN BE EATEN, INJECTED, SNORTED--
--OR SPRINKLED ON MINT LEAVES, TOBACCO OR MARIJUANA AND SMOKED.
IT HAS A DOZEN STREET NAMES: PCP, ANGEL DUST, CRYSTAL, ROCKET FUEL, HOG...
IT WAS FIRST MANUFACTURED AS AN ANIMAL TRANQUILIZER. THE DRUG WAS BANNED FOR USE ON HUMANS BECAUSE OF THE SIDE-EFFECTS--
--DELIRIUM, AMNESIA, PSYCHOSIS, CONVULSION...
AND WORST OF ALL IT COLLECTS IN THE TISSUE OF THE BRAIN, TRIGGERING FLASHBACKS DAYS, WEEKS, SOMETIMES EVEN YEARS LATER.
IN VIOLENT CASES USERS EXPERIENCE WHAT THEY TERM A WHACK ATTACK, BECOMING NEARLY IMMUNE TO PAIN AND POSSESSING ALMOST SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH.
ONCE IT TOOK SIX ORDERLIES TO RESTRAIN--
EASY, SON!
NO! LET ME GO! I WANT TO SEE MY SISTER, MARY! THEY TOLD ME AT SCHOOL SHE--
BILLY...
...SHE OD'ED ON ANGEL DUST. THE DOCTOR DID EVERYTHING HE COULD, BUT...
...SHE...SHE'S DEAD. I'M SORRY...
NO! IT AIN'T FAIR! IT JUST AIN'T FAIR!

HOW CAN MARY BE DEAD WHEN THE TWO BUMS WHO KILLED HER ARE STILL ALIVE AND PUSHIN' THEIR CRAP OUT ON THE STREETS?
WELL, I KNOW WHO THEY ARE AND YOU CAN TELL HOGMAN AND HIS SLIMY PARTNER THAT WHEN I FIND 'EM I'M GONNA BLOW THEIR BRAINS OUT!

BILLY, WAIT! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS.
BILLY!


WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
WHATEVER I CAN.


DARKNESS DOESN'T DESCEND ON HELL'S KITCHEN.
IT SPEWS UP FROM SHADOWED DOORWAYS AND BACK ALLEYS AND FIRE-GUTTED TENEMENTS AS IF BLOATED AND BLACKENED FROM A DAY'S WORTH OF PAIN AND MISERY AND SUFFERING.
OR PERHAPS AS IF HUNGRY FOR MORE...

HOGMAN...THAT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON. JUST A NICKNAME. BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT PUSHER AND HIS "SLIMY PARTNER" BEFORE BILLY DOES.
FOR ALL THEIR SAKES.
AND SO, AS A DISGUISED DAREDEVIL BEGINS HIS SEARCH...

...BILLY O'KOREN STALKS HOME...
...JUST SIT IN FRONT'A THAT TV MORNIN', NOON, AND NIGHT. WHY DON'TCHA GET OUT AND FIND A JOB LIKE ANY SELF-RESPECTIN' HUSBAND?
AND WHY DON'T YOU GIT OFF MY BACK FOR A CHANGE?
HIS FOLKS ARE FIGHTING AGAIN, BUT THAT'S NOTHING NEW. IT'S WHAT THEY DO BEST. THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH PRACTICE...

MAYBE IF THINGS WERE DIFFERENT AND THEY DIDN'T ARGUE ALL THE TIME HE COULD TELL THEM ABOUT MARY AND WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO.
BUT THINGS AREN'T DIFFERENT. THEY JUST ARE...
SO, WITHOUT A WORD, BILLY HUNTS FOR SOMETHING THAT HE KNOWS HIS FATHER KEEPS TUCKED AWAY IN HIS DRESSER DRAWER.

SOMETHING HARD AND COLD AND FILLED WITH DEATH.
JUST LIKE HIS SISTER...

MEANWHILE, SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY...
HEY, HOGMAN, IT'S JOEY!
OPEN UP!
YOU'RE LATE, JOEY BOY. WHAT KEPT YOU?
NONE'A YOUR BUSINESS, FLAPPER. WHERE'S HOGMAN?
THAT'S NONE'A YOUR BUSINESS. YOU WANNA DEAL, YOU DEAL WITH ME.
SURE, FLAPPER, WHATEVER YOU SAY. I MEAN YOU GUYS'RE TIGHT, AIN'TCHA?
LIKE BROTHERS, JOEY, BOY. BROTHERS.
SO WHAT IF I SKIM A LITTLE PROFIT OFF THE TOP FOR MYSELF? TIMES'RE TOUGH ALL OVER.
HERE, JOEY, BOY. NOW BEAT IT.
THAT LITTLE CREEP'S GONNA PUSH ME TOO FAR ONE'A THESE DAYS...
WE GOT THE DUST, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
YEAH.
UHHNNH
THE DUST...
... AND BUSTING HEADS.
SO... I HAVEN'T GOT A LINE ON HOGMAN YET, BUT I DID LEARN HIS PARTNER'S CALLED FLAP--
WAIT UP A SECOND, BRO--!
WE WANNA TALK TO YOU!
I'M NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.
NO TROUBLE, CHUM.

NO TROUBLE AT ALL. WE TAKE CARE'A OURSELVES. WE HAVE TO-- NOBODY ELSE WILL.
WE TAKE WHAT WE WANT...
...ANY WAY WE CAN.
THEIR BREATHING'S HARSH AND LABORED... HEARTBEATS ABNORMALLY RAPID. THEY'RE DRUGGED.
THAT MAKES THEM DANGEROUS.
HE'S WEARIN' SOME KIND'A MAS--
DAREDEVIL!
HE DON'T SCARE ME!
NO WAY HE'S GONNA--
DANGEROUS OR NOT, THEY'RE NOT HARDENED CRIMINALS. I DON'T WANT TO HURT THEM, BUT--
KRAKK
ONE WAY
TRASH 'IM, LOUIEVILLE!
BRO, BY THE TIME I'M DONE WITH HIM, HE--
--HE--?
STABBED THROUGH THE HEART-- HE'S DEAD--
BUT WHO...

IT'S A MAN--MY BUILT-IN RADAR IS PICKING HIM UP NOW.
HE'S BIG.
HIS HEARTBEAT IS STRONG, HIS MOVEMENTS CONFIDENT, FLUID. HE'S IN EXELLENT SHAPE.
AND HE'S A KILLER!
LOOK AT ME, PUNKS!
REMEMBER MY FACE!
IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'RE EVER GOING TO SEE--
--AND I WANT YOU TO CARRY THE MEMORY OF IT STRAIGHT TO HELL!
THE SOUND OF A GUNBOLT BEING SHOVED BACK! HE'S GOING TO MURDER THEM.
STILL GROGGY FROM THAT BLOW I TOOK--TOO WEAK TO.
I HAVE TO SAVE THEM!
KASNUNK

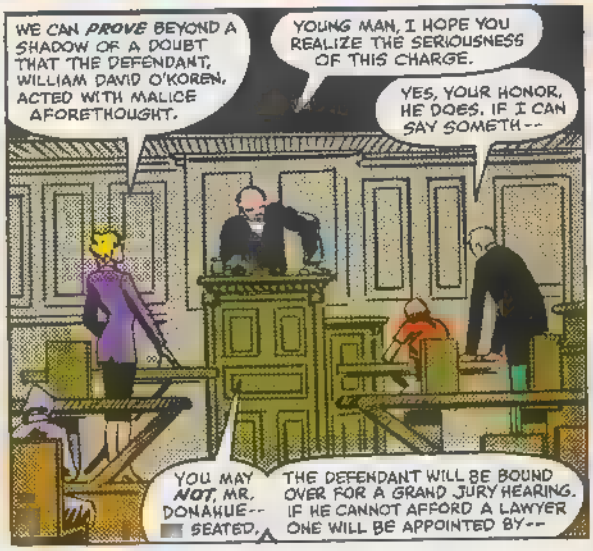
OOF!
WHAT? WHO?
DAREDEVIL?!
I'VE READ ABOUT YOU, DAREDEVIL. IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.
I'M THE PUNISHER. PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD--
BLAMM
WHAT THE--?!
FLAPPER!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS BUM!
YET ANOTHER DEATH--!
HE'S SKRAGGED!
SOMEBODY SAVED ME THE TROUBLE...
HOGMAN'S PARTNER... GUNNED DOWN IN THE STREET--
--AND I'VE GOT AN AWFUL FEELING I KNOW WHO PULLED THE TRIGGER!
THE SHOT CAME FROM THIS ROOFTOP. IF I HURRY...
DROP THE GUN!

BILLY...GIVE ME THE GUN...
...PLEASE...
I...I WANTED TO KILL HIM, MARY. MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD.

BUT I FIRED [redacted] HIS HEAD.
I'M SORRY, MARY. I COULDN'T DO IT.

I JUST COULDN'T...

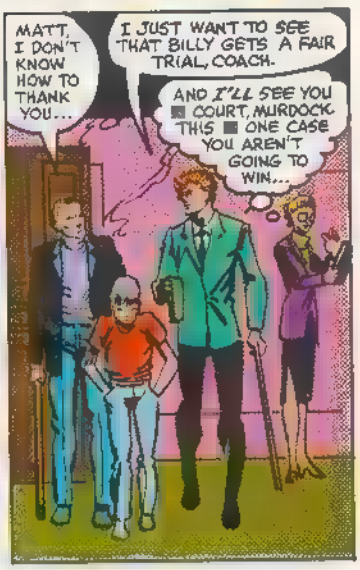
LATER, IN FAMILY COURT...
THE CRIME IS THAT OF AN ADULT, YOUR HONOR.
IT SHOULD [redacted] TRIED AS SUCH.


WE CAN PROVE BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT THE DEFENDANT, WILLIAM DAVID O'KOREN, ACTED WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.
YOUNG MAN, I HOPE YOU REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF THIS CHARGE.
YES, YOUR HONOR, HE DOES. IF I CAN SAY SOMETH--
YOU MAY NOT, MR. DONAHUE-- [redacted] SEATED.
THE DEFENDANT WILL BE BOUND OVER FOR A GRAND JURY HEARING. IF HE CANNOT AFFORD A LAWYER ONE WILL BE APPOINTED BY--

THAT WON'T [redacted] NECESSARY, YOUR HONOR.

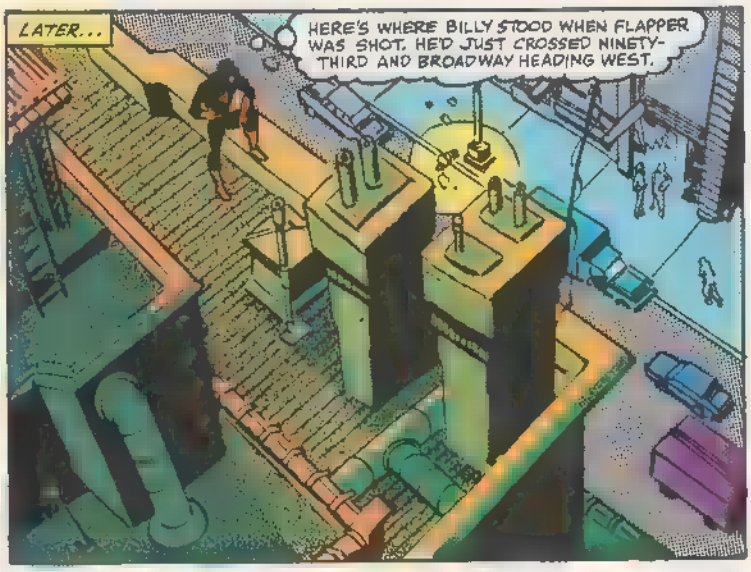
I HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE BILLY O'KOREN [redacted] INNOCENT. I'D LIKE TO REPRESENT HIM.
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, MURDOCK. THE BOY'S GUILTY. IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE--
--SO YOU INTEND TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM TO FURTHER YOUR OWN CAREER.
I WON'T LET YOU DO THAT TO HIM.
COUNSELLORS, LET ME REMIND YOU THIS IS A COURT OF LAW.
IT IS NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR PERSONAL DIFFERENCES.

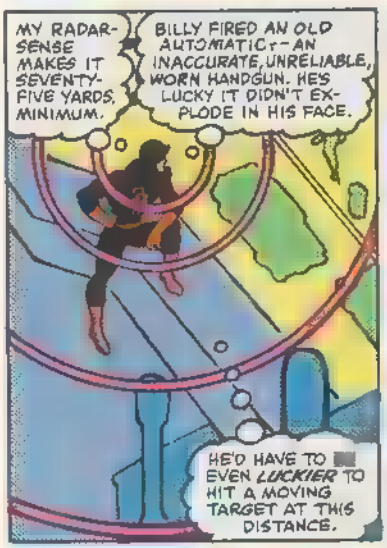
THE GRAND JURY WILL CONVENE ON THE SEVENTH. UNTIL SUCH TIME, THE DEFENDANT IS REMANDED TO THE RECOGNIZANCE OF MR. PATRICK DONAHUE...


MATT, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU...
I JUST WANT TO SEE THAT BILLY GETS A FAIR TRIAL, COACH.
AND I'LL SEE YOU [redacted] COURT, MURDOCK. THIS [redacted] ONE CASE YOU AREN'T GOING TO WIN...

IT'S NO USE, MR. MURDOCK. I DIDN'T WASTE FLAPPER BUT I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE.
EVERYBODY *THINKS* I DID...
COACH DONAHUE DOESN'T. NEITHER DO I. DON'T GIVE UP ON US *OR* THE COURTS.
THE LAW WORKS, BILLY. JUST GIVE IT A CHANCE.
LATER...
DAILY BUGLE
SMOKING AGAIN, BEN?
THOUGHT YOU'D QUIT.
SURGEON GENERAL'S REPORT IS THE *LAST* THING I NEED RIGHT NOW, HORNHEAD. I'VE GOT A COLUMN TO BANG OUT.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
INFORMATION--
--ABOUT THE *PUNISHER.*
THE *PUNISHER?!*
YOU *CRAZY,* MATT--
--OR JUST TIRED OF *LIVING?*
SHHH! DON'T CALL ME *MATT.* NOT HERE.
JUST BECAUSE YOU KNOW MY SECRET IDENTITY, IS NO REASON TO *BROADCAST...*
POPPADOPOULOS, PRENTISS, PULITZER... AH! *PUNISHER!*
HAVEN'T GOT MUCH ON HIM. HE'S A VIGILANTE, LIKE YOU...
NOT LIKE ME.
HE *KILLS.*
THAT HE DOES. LOTS.
USES GUNS, MOSTLY. MAKES HIS OWN. AND THEY SAY HE NEVER MISSES A SHOT.
GOOD WITH HIS HANDS, TOO. ACED TWELVE MEN DURING A RECENT STINT IN PRISON.
AND YOU WANT TO GO UP AGAINST *HIM?*

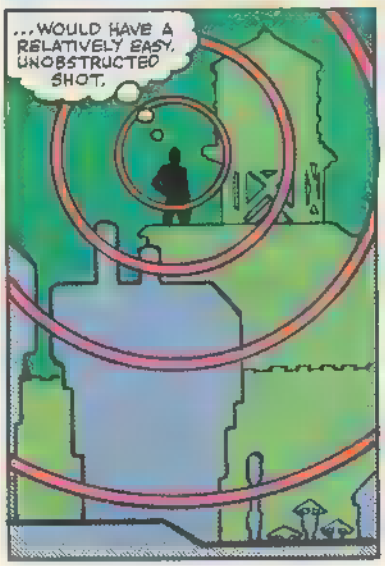
THAT'S MY JOB.


LATER...
HERE'S WHERE BILLY STOOD WHEN FLAPPER WAS SHOT. HE'D JUST CROSSED NINETY-THIRD AND BROADWAY HEADING WEST.

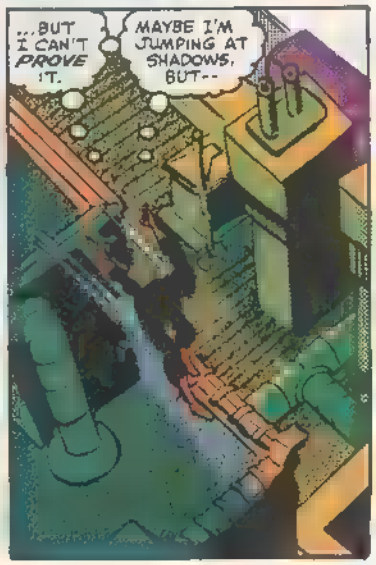

MY RADAR-SENSE MAKES IT SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS, MINIMUM.
BILLY FIRED AN OLD AUTOMATIC— AN INACCURATE, UNRELIABLE, WORN HANDGUN. HE'S LUCKY IT DIDN'T EXPLODE IN HIS FACE.
HE'D HAVE TO ■ EVEN LUCKIER TO HIT A MOVING TARGET AT THIS DISTANCE.

BUT SOMEBODY ON A HIGHER LEDGE BEHIND HIM...

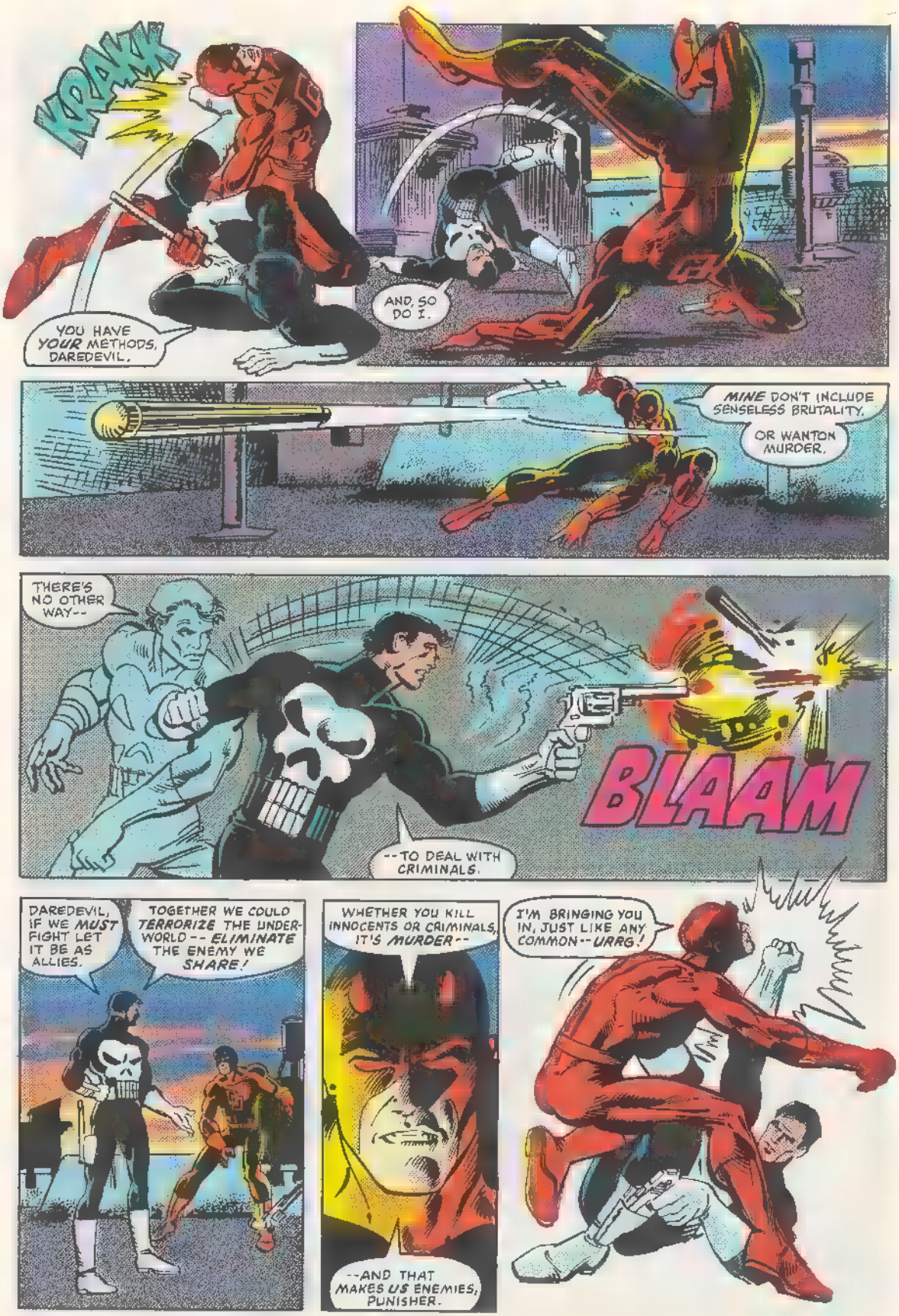
...SOMEBODY WITH A RIFLE AND A TELESCOPIC SIGHT...


...WOULD HAVE A RELATIVELY EASY, UNOBSTRUCTED SHOT.

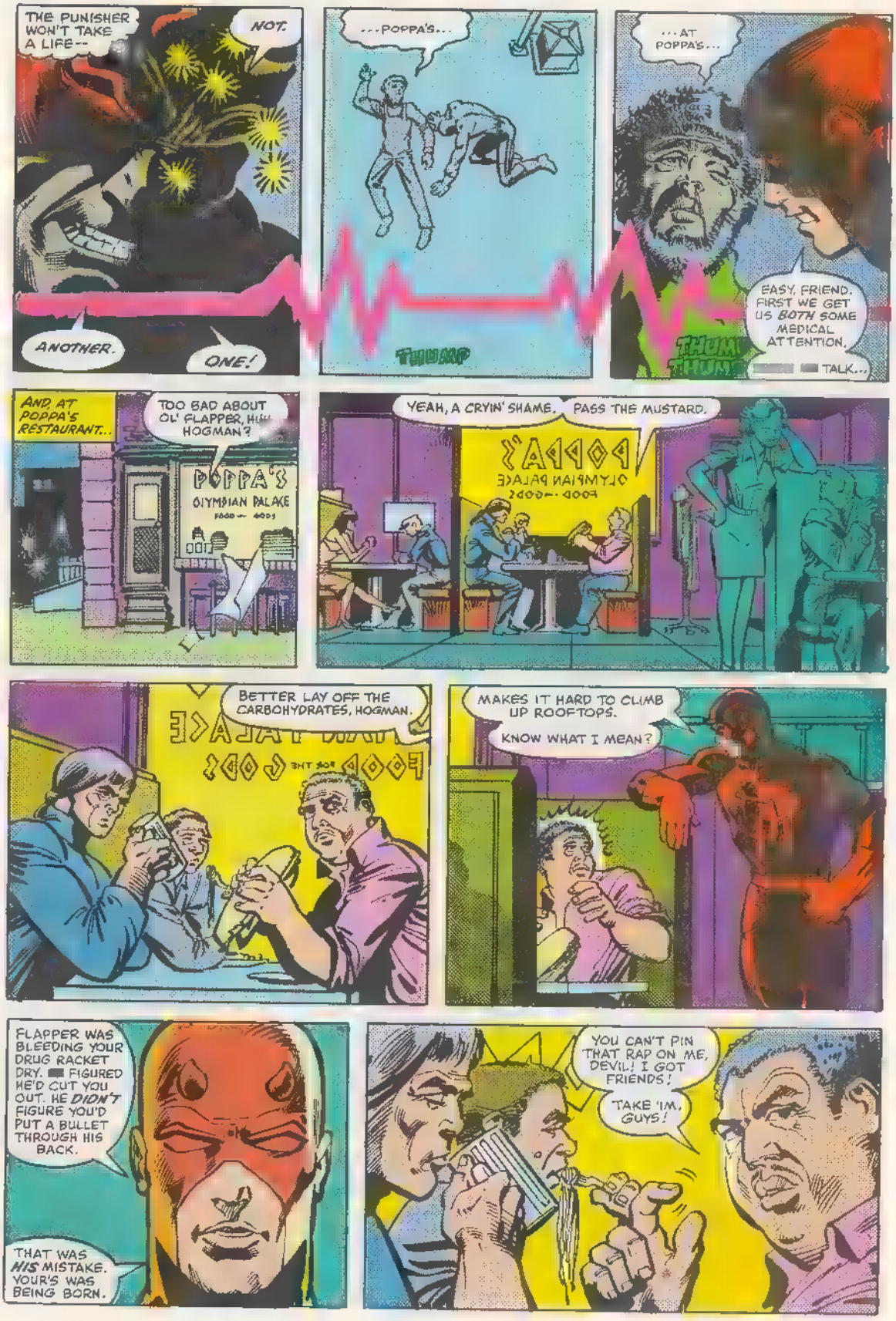
IT'S A NICE THEORY, BUT WITHOUT EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT IT I'M BACK TO SQUARE ONE.
MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING'S LIKE A SORT OF BUILT-IN LIE DETECTOR. I KNOW BILLY'S TELLING THE TRUTH...

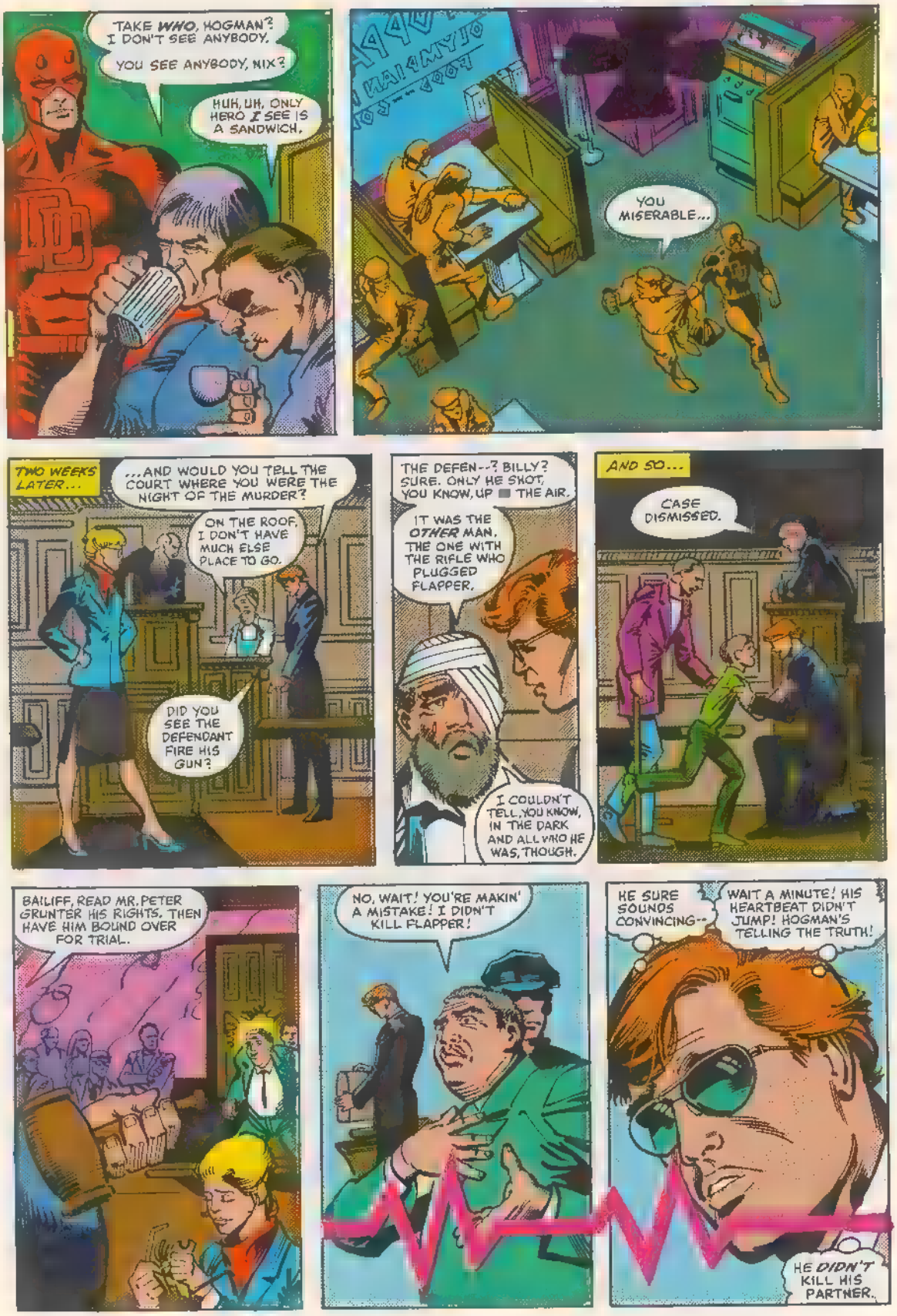

...BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT.
MAYBE I'M JUMPING AT SHADOWS, BUT--

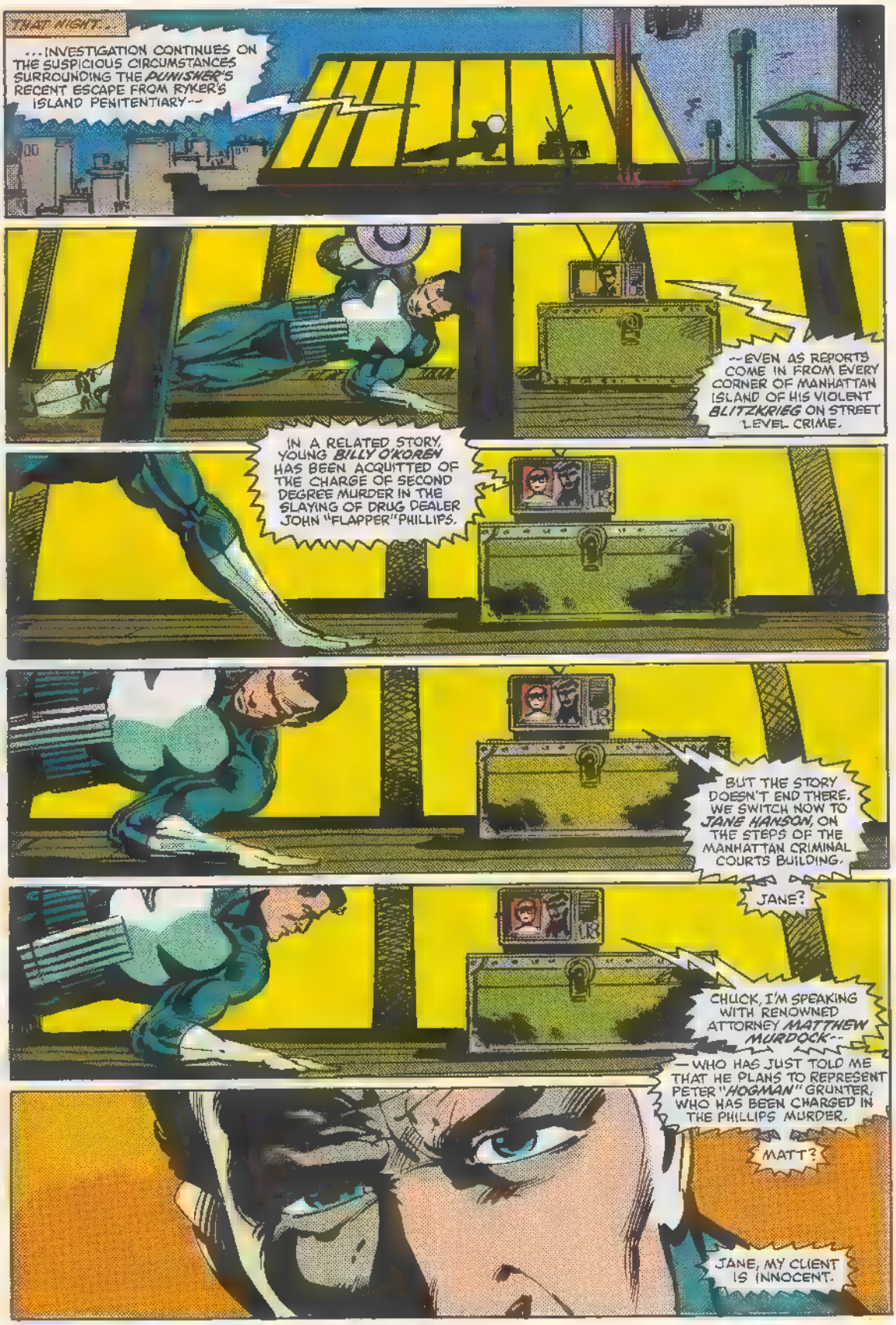
CHUNK
A SPENT SHELL... RECENTLY FIRED, TOO.
BUT FROM THIS ANGLE, THE KILLER WOULD HAVE HAD TO AIM THROUGH THE NARROW SPACE BETWEEN THOSE CHIMNEYS.
WHY DID HE PASS UP A MUCH EASIER SHOT FROM THE UPPER LEDGE?
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...
...UNLESS FOR SOME REASON HE COULDN'T CLIMB...
THEN...
I WANT THE HOGMAN, JUNKIE! AND I'M BETTING YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS!
THAKK
N-NO, I-- UNGHH!
WHAT THE--?!
SPILL IT, JUNKIE, OR SO HELP ME I'LL--
KRAKK
SPAK
CHOK
LAY OFF HIM, PUNISHER!
THERE'S NO NEED TO...


KRAKK
YOU HAVE YOUR METHODS, DAREDEVIL.
AND, SO DO I.
MINE DON'T INCLUDE SENSELESS BRUTALITY.
OR WANTON MURDER.
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY--
BLAAM
--TO DEAL WITH CRIMINALS.
DAREDEVIL, IF WE MUST FIGHT LET IT BE AS ALLIES.
TOGETHER WE COULD TERRORIZE THE UNDERWORLD -- ELIMINATE THE ENEMY WE SHARE!
WHETHER YOU KILL INNOCENTS OR CRIMINALS, IT'S MURDER--
--AND THAT MAKES US ENEMIES, PUNISHER.
I'M BRINGING YOU IN, JUST LIKE ANY COMMON--URRG!

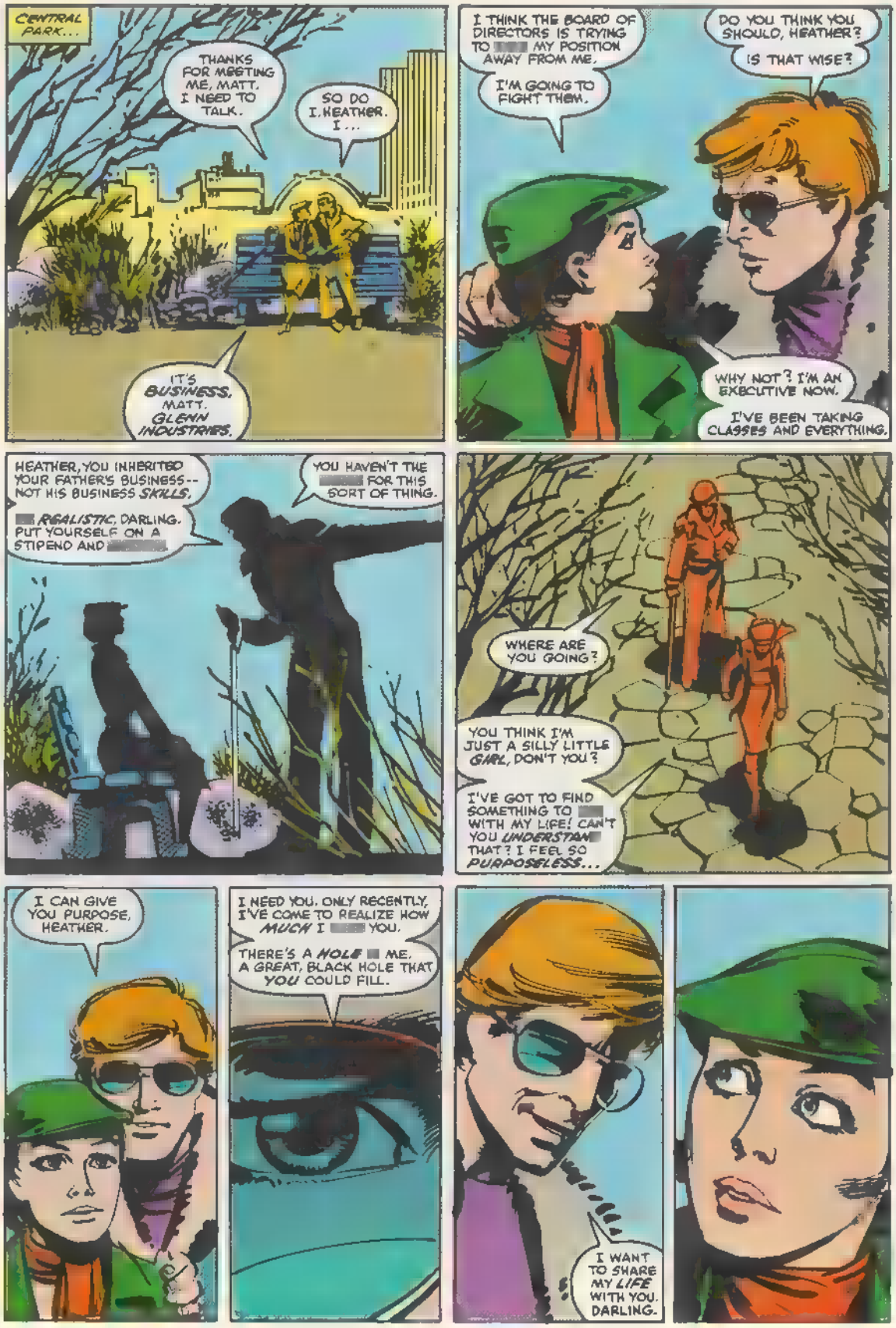
PUNCH STUNNED ME... COULDN'T STOP HIS DRAW--
FFFDP
I SHOT HIM WITH A TRANQUILIZING DART, ANIMAL!
I COULD DO THE SAME TO YOU...
...BUT I WANT YOU TO FEEL THIS!
THAKK
THUMP THUMP
I WANT YOU TO SUFFER!
PUNISHER... STOP IT...
THOK
THUMP THUMP
I HAVE SUFFERED!
--HIS HEART!
...HIS HEART...
THH
GOT TO MASSAGE...
...TRY TO START IT BEATING AGAIN...
...UNDO THE DAMAGE THE PUNISHER DID...


THE PUNISHER WON'T TAKE A LIFE--
NOT.
ANOTHER.
ONE!
...POPPA'S...
THUMP
...AT POPPA'S...
THUMP THUMP
EASY, FRIEND. FIRST WE GET US BOTH SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION.
TALK...
AND AT POPPA'S RESTAURANT...
TOO BAD ABOUT OL' FLAPPER, HUH, HOGMAN?
POPPA'S
OLYMPIAN PALACE
YEAH, A CRYIN' SHAME.
PASS THE MUSTARD.
BETTER LAY OFF THE CARBOHYDRATES, HOGMAN.
MAKES IT HARD TO CLIMB UP ROOFTOPS.
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
FLAPPER WAS BLEEDING YOUR DRUG RACKET DRY. I FIGURED HE'D CUT YOU OUT. HE DIDN'T FIGURE YOU'D PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS BACK.
THAT WAS HIS MISTAKE. YOURS WAS BEING BORN.
YOU CAN'T PIN THAT RAP ON ME, DEVIL! I GOT FRIENDS!
TAKE 'IM, GUYS!


TAKE WHO, HOGMAN? I DON'T SEE ANYBODY.
YOU SEE ANYBODY, NIX?
HUH, UH, ONLY HERO I SEE IS A SANDWICH.
YOU MISERABLE...
TWO WEEKS LATER...
...AND WOULD YOU TELL THE COURT WHERE YOU WERE THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER?
ON THE ROOF, I DON'T HAVE MUCH ELSE PLACE TO GO.
DID YOU SEE THE DEFENDANT FIRE HIS GUN?
THE DEFEN--? BILLY? SURE. ONLY HE SHOT, YOU KNOW, UP ■ THE AIR.
IT WAS THE OTHER MAN, THE ONE WITH THE RIFLE WHO PLUGGED FLAPPER.
I COULDN'T TELL, YOU KNOW, IN THE DARK AND ALL WHO HE WAS, THOUGH.
AND SO...
CASE DISMISSED.
BAILIFF, READ MR. PETER GRUNTER HIS RIGHTS, THEN HAVE HIM BOUND OVER FOR TRIAL.
NO, WAIT! YOU'RE MAKIN' A MISTAKE! I DIDN'T KILL FLAPPER!
HE SURE SOUNDS CONVINCING--
WAIT A MINUTE! HIS HEARTBEAT DIDN'T JUMP! HOGMAN'S TELLING THE TRUTH!
HE DIDN'T KILL HIS PARTNER.


THAT NIGHT...
...INVESTIGATION CONTINUES ON THE SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE PUNISHER'S RECENT ESCAPE FROM RYKER'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY--
--EVEN AS REPORTS COME IN FROM EVERY CORNER OF MANHATTAN ISLAND OF HIS VIOLENT BLITZKRIEG ON STREET LEVEL CRIME.
IN A RELATED STORY, YOUNG BILLY O'KOREN HAS BEEN ACQUITTED OF THE CHARGE OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER IN THE SLAYING OF DRUG DEALER JOHN "FLAPPER" PHILLIPS.
BUT THE STORY DOESN'T END THERE. WE SWITCH NOW TO JANE HANSON, ON THE STEPS OF THE MANHATTAN CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING.
JANE?
CHUCK, I'M SPEAKING WITH RENOWNED ATTORNEY MATTHEW MURDOCK--
--WHO HAS JUST TOLD ME THAT HE PLANS TO REPRESENT PETER "HOGMAN" GRUNTER, WHO HAS BEEN CHARGED IN THE PHILLIPS MURDER.
MATT?
JANE, MY CLIENT IS INNOCENT.

HE DESERVES THE BEST DEFENSE POSSIBLE.
I INTEND TO MAKE SURE HE GETS IT.
KLIK


CENTRAL PARK...
THANKS FOR MEETING ME, MATT. I NEED TO TALK.
SO DO I, HEATHER. I...
IT'S BUSINESS, MATT. GLENN INDUSTRIES.
I THINK THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS TRYING TO [illegible] MY POSITION AWAY FROM ME.
I'M GOING TO FIGHT THEM.
DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD, HEATHER?
IS THAT WISE?
WHY NOT? I'M AN EXECUTIVE NOW.
I'VE BEEN TAKING CLASSES AND EVERYTHING.
HEATHER, YOU INHERITED YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS-- NOT HIS BUSINESS SKILLS.
[illegible] REALISTIC, DARLING. PUT YOURSELF ON A STIPEND AND [illegible].
YOU HAVEN'T THE [illegible] FOR THIS SORT OF THING.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
YOU THINK I'M JUST A SILLY LITTLE GIRL, DON'T YOU?
I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO [illegible] WITH MY LIFE! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? I FEEL SO PURPOSELESS...
I CAN GIVE YOU PURPOSE, HEATHER.
I NEED YOU. ONLY RECENTLY, I'VE COME TO REALIZE HOW MUCH I [illegible] YOU.
THERE'S A HOLE [illegible] ME, A GREAT, BLACK HOLE THAT YOU COULD FILL.
I WANT TO SHARE MY LIFE WITH YOU, DARLING.

Stan Lee presents

GOOD GUYS WEAR RED!

MILLER
JANSON
O'NEIL
ROSEN
SHOOTER

THWOKK

BLINDED BY A UNIQUE RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE, HIS REMAINING SENSES AMPLIFIED TO SUPERHUMAN LEVELS, MATT MURDOCK LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE. BY DAY, HE IS A TALENTED ATTORNEY. BY NIGHT, HE IS DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BACK OFF, PUNISHER. HOGMAN IS UNDER MY PROTECTION.

CHOW

CHOW

KCHOW

SPAK SPAK SPAK

HOGMAN IS A PUSHER AND A KILLER.

KILLING IS SOMETHING YOU KNOW ABOUT, ISN'T IT?

UH OH.

WHUMP!

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, DAREDEVIL.

BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

GONE. HE GOT AWAY.

AT LEAST I UPSET HIS TIMETABLE-- AND FOR THE MOMENT SAVED HOGMAN--

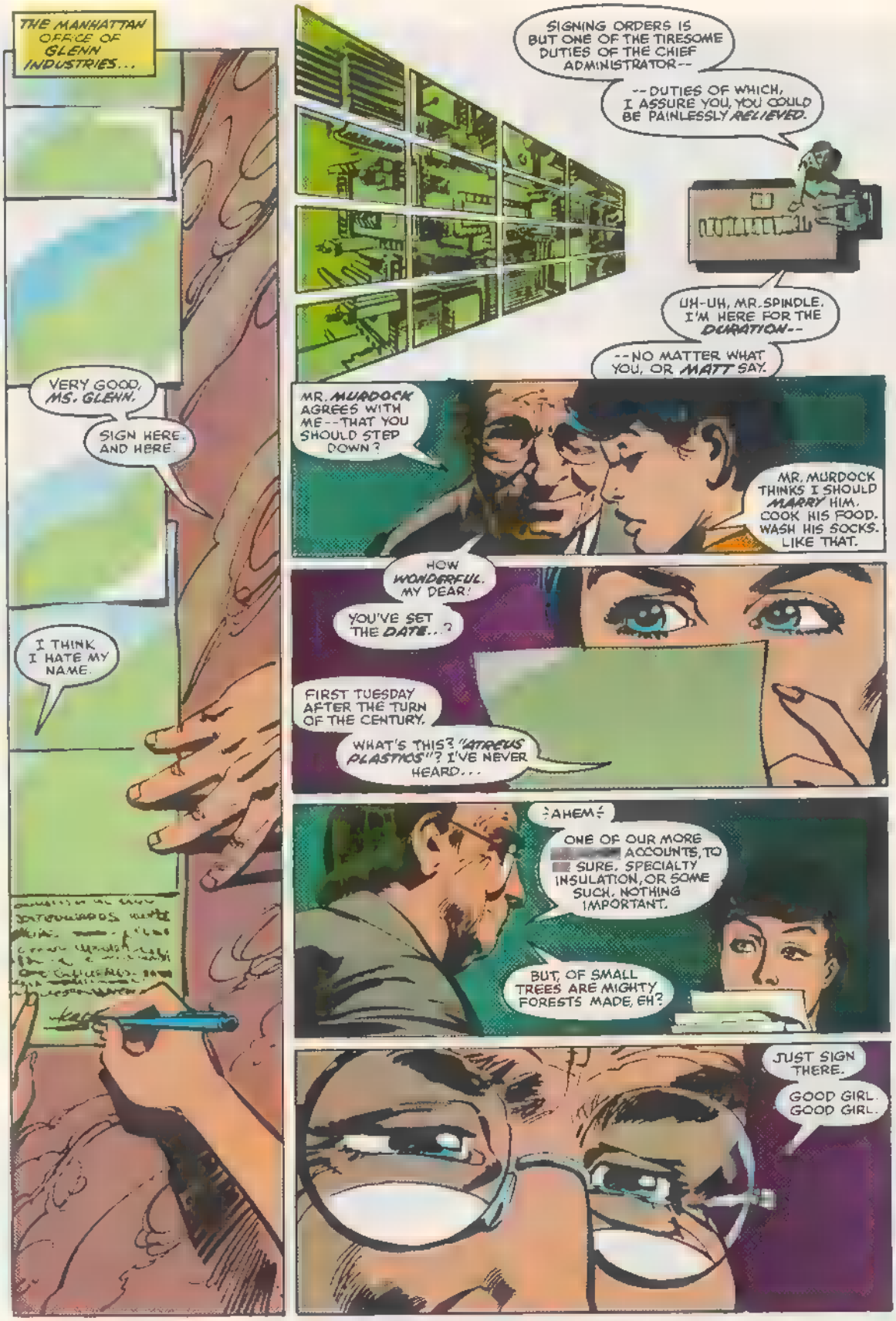
--FOR WHAT THAT'S WORTH.

NOT MUCH.

OKAY. SO HOGMAN ISN'T THE CLASSIEST CLIENT I'VE EVER DEFENDED IN COURT. BUT HIS HEARTBEAT DIDN'T JUMP WHEN HE TOLD ME HE WAS INNOCENT--

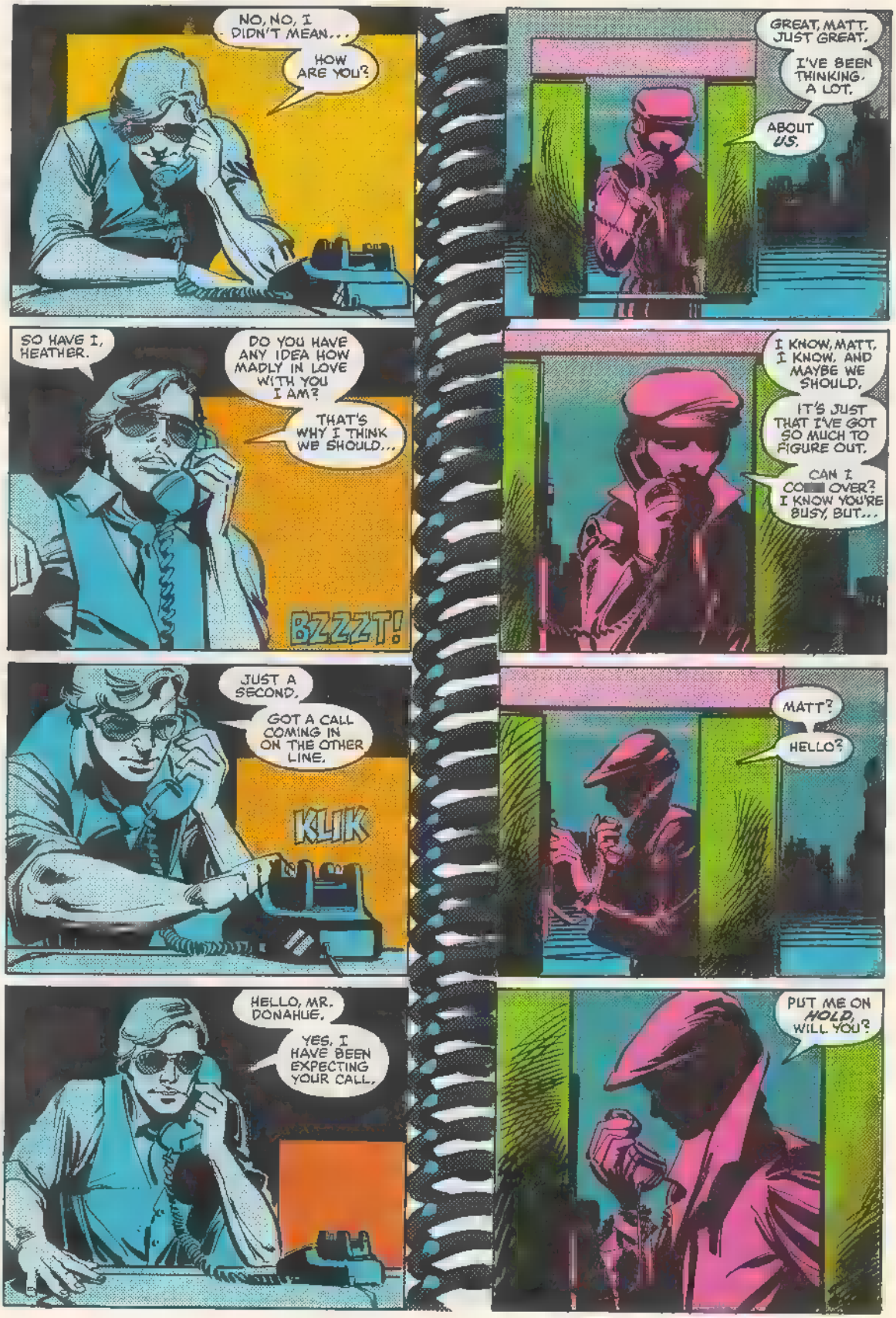
--WHICH MEANS HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

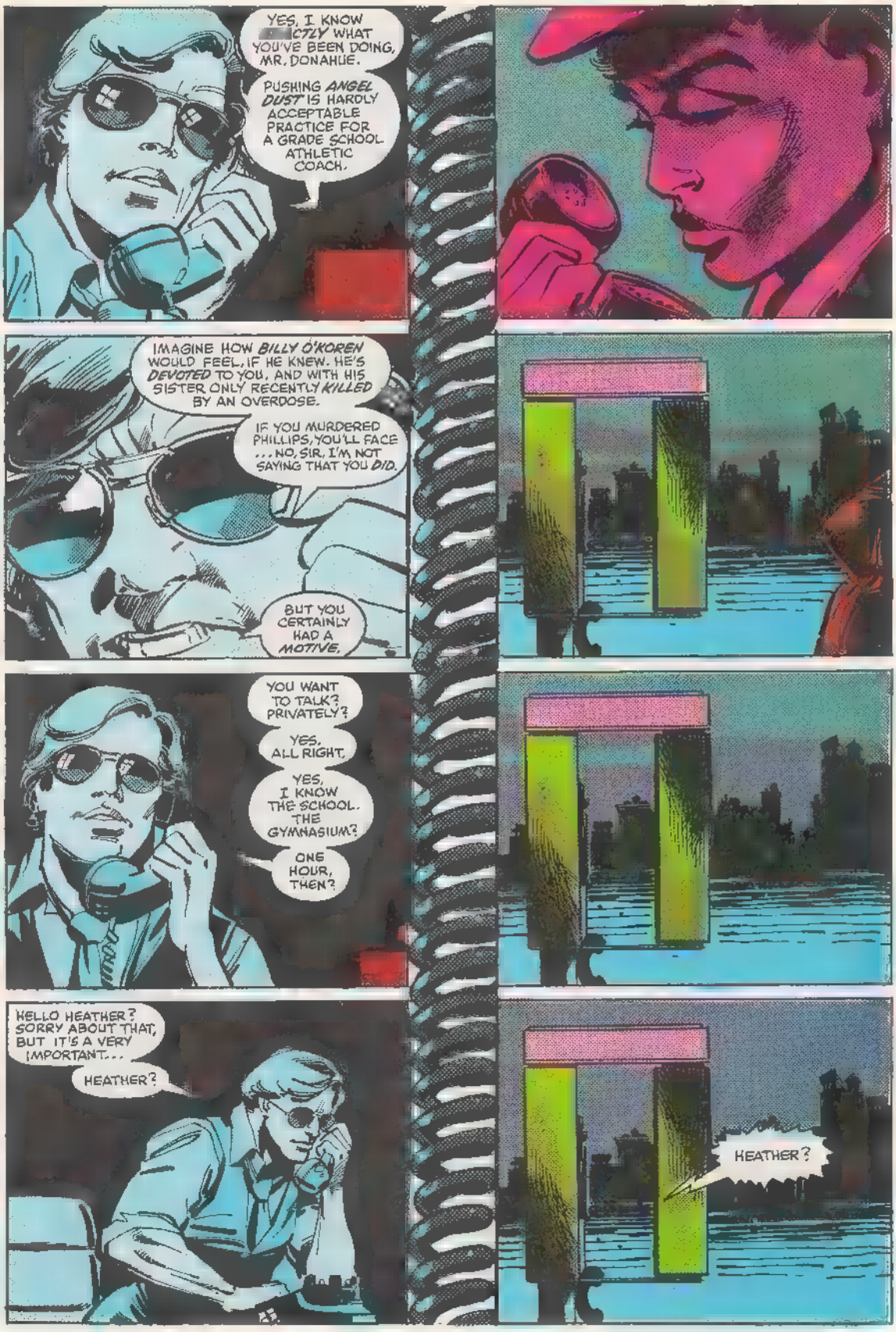
I HOPE.


THE MANHATTAN OFFICE OF GLENN INDUSTRIES...
VERY GOOD, MS. GLENN.
SIGN HERE. AND HERE.
I THINK I HATE MY NAME.
SIGNING ORDERS IS BUT ONE OF THE TIRESOME DUTIES OF THE CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR--
--DUTIES OF WHICH, I ASSURE YOU, YOU COULD BE PAINLESSLY RELIEVED.
UH-UH, MR. SPINDLE. I'M HERE FOR THE DURATION--
--NO MATTER WHAT YOU, OR MATT SAY.
MR. MURDOCK AGREES WITH ME--THAT YOU SHOULD STEP DOWN?
MR. MURDOCK THINKS I SHOULD MARRY HIM. COOK HIS FOOD. WASH HIS SOCKS. LIKE THAT.
HOW WONDERFUL, MY DEAR!
YOU'VE SET THE DATE...?
FIRST TUESDAY AFTER THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.
WHAT'S THIS? "ATREUS PLASTICS"? I'VE NEVER HEARD...
:AHEM:
ONE OF OUR MORE [redacted] ACCOUNTS, TO [redacted] SURE. SPECIALTY INSULATION, OR SOME SUCH. NOTHING IMPORTANT.
BUT, OF SMALL TREES ARE MIGHTY FORESTS MADE, EH?
JUST SIGN THERE.
GOOD GIRL. GOOD GIRL.

CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING...
WEEKS AGO, YOUNG BILLY O'KOREN WAS CHARGED WITH SLAYING JOHN "FLAPPER" PHILLIPS -- AND ACQUITTED.
AT THE TIME, THE PROSECUTION WAS DESPERATE TO FIND A SCAPEGOAT FOR THIS HIGHLY-PUBLICIZED CRIME. THEY ARE STILL DESPERATE --
-- AND, ONCE AGAIN, AN INNOCENT STANDS ACCUSED.
PETER "HOGMAN" GRUNTER HAS COMMITTED MANY QUESTIONABLE, EVEN CRIMINAL ACTS --
-- BUT THE ONLY CONCERN OF THIS COURT AT THIS TIME IS THE CHARGE OF SECOND-DEGREE MURDER.
MY CLIENT IS NOT A KILLER.
WITHIN THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, I WILL RECEIVE EVIDENCE THAT THE TRUE KILLER IS A MAN WHO MASQUERADES AS A SOLID, RESPECTABLE CITIZEN --
-- AND USES HIS POSITION TO ADMINISTER NARCOTICS TO YOUNG CHILDREN.
COACH DONAHUE -- WHAT'S WRONG?
NOTHING, BILLY. NOTHING AT ALL.

HOURS LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF NELSON AND MURDOCK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW...
SURE YOU CAN'T MAKE IT, MATT?
IT'S THE BEST LITTLE OPEN PIT BARBECUE IN TOWN.
KLIK
THAT'S OKAY, FOGGY.
PROBABLY TOO SPICY FOR ME, ANYWAY.
BESIDES, I'M WAITING ON A CALL. I RAN A BLUFF IN COURT TODAY--THE GRUNTER CASE. PRETENDED I HAD EVIDENCE, WHEN ALL I'VE GOT IS A TIP.
IF I'M LUCKY, I'VE PUT A SCARE IN THE REAL KILLER--AND HE'LL...
AH! FINALLY!
UH, MATT... THE PHONE ISN'T...
RINGGG
HE KNEW THE PHONE WAS GOING TO...
YEP.
MAYBE HE'S PSYCHIC.
MAYBE HE'S GOT GREAT EARS...
HELLO?
HEATHER.
UH, DARLING, I'M TRYING TO KEEP THIS LINE OPEN...


NO, NO, I DIDN'T MEAN...
HOW ARE YOU?
GREAT, MATT, JUST GREAT.
I'VE BEEN THINKING, A LOT.
ABOUT US.
SO HAVE I, HEATHER.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MADLY IN LOVE WITH YOU I AM?
THAT'S WHY I THINK WE SHOULD...
BZZZT!
I KNOW, MATT, I KNOW. AND MAYBE WE SHOULD.
IT'S JUST THAT I'VE GOT SO MUCH TO FIGURE OUT.
CAN I COME OVER? I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY, BUT...
JUST A SECOND.
GOT A CALL COMING IN ON THE OTHER LINE.
KLIK
MATT?
HELLO?
HELLO, MR. DONAHUE.
YES, I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOUR CALL.
PUT ME ON HOLD, WILL YOU?


YES, I KNOW [redacted]CTLY WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING, MR. DONAHUE.
PUSHING ANGEL DUST IS HARDLY ACCEPTABLE PRACTICE FOR A GRADE SCHOOL ATHLETIC COACH.
IMAGINE HOW BILLY O'KOREN WOULD FEEL, IF HE KNEW. HE'S DEVOTED TO YOU, AND WITH HIS SISTER ONLY RECENTLY KILLED BY AN OVERDOSE.
IF YOU MURDERED PHILLIPS, YOU'LL FACE . . . NO, SIR. I'M NOT SAYING THAT YOU DID.
BUT YOU CERTAINLY HAD A MOTIVE.
YOU WANT TO TALK? PRIVATELY?
YES. ALL RIGHT.
YES, I KNOW THE SCHOOL. THE GYMNASIUM?
ONE HOUR, THEN?
HELLO HEATHER? SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT IT'S A VERY IMPORTANT . . .
HEATHER?
HEATHER?

ONE HOUR LATER...
COACH DONAHUE?
DON'T CARE TO ANSWER? OKAY. I'LL DO THE TALKING.
A BAG MAN BY THE NAME OF SMITTY TOLD ME YOU'RE HOGMAN'S CONNECTION--HIS DEALER--HERE AT THE SCHOOL.
SMITTY ALSO TOLD ME THAT YOU WERE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR CUT OF THE ACTION.
WERE YOU UNHAPPY ENOUGH TO SHOOT FLAPPER--AND PIN THE RAP ON HIS PARTNER?
THAT WOULD LEAVE THE OPERATION OPEN FOR YOU...
SPEAK UP ANY TIME, DONAHUE. LIFE IS SHORT.
THAT SOUND!
SOME SORT OF ANIMAL...
GRAAARRRRRR
NO.
NOT AN ANIMAL.

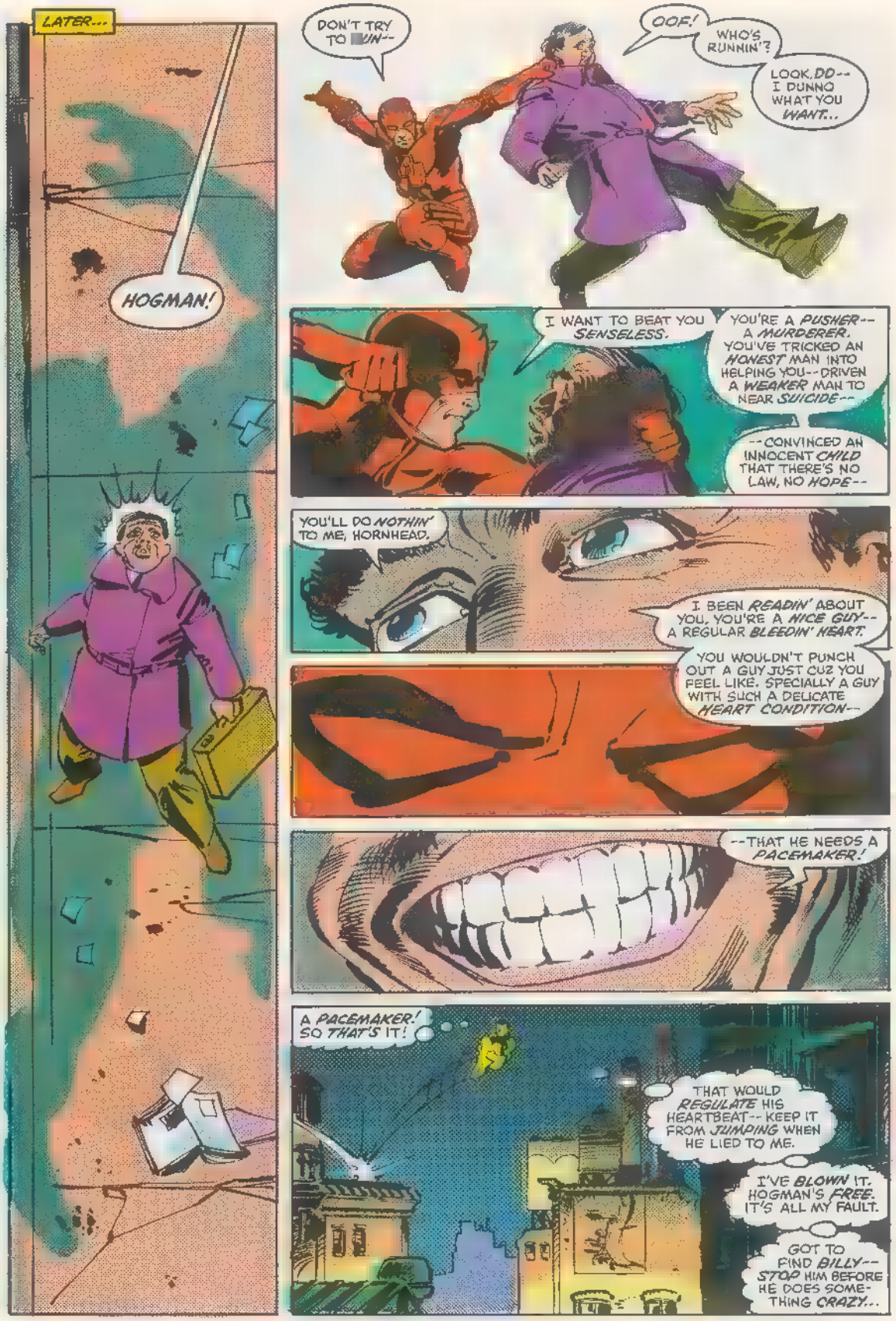
GRRAAAARRRRR
THE COACH.
WHUKKK
HIS HEART IS RACING -- HIS BREATHING, FURIOUS --
HE DOESN'T JUST SELL DRUGS --
-- HE TAKES THEM!

PROBABLY HIGH ON ANGEL DUST-- HAVING A "WHACK ATTACK." HE'S VIOLENT--
--NOT TO MENTION RECKLESS. HE'LL KILL HIMSELF--
--UNLESS I STOP HIM.
NGGGG
FULL NELSON SHOULD DO THE TRICK.
UFF!
MAKE THAT "VIOLENT, RECKLESS... AND STRONG.
STRONGER THAN ME.
MUCH.
SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE. I DON'T FIGURE THE COACH FOR A USER--
--AND EVEN IF HE IS, WHY DO THIS TO HIMSELF, JUST WHEN HE NEEDS HIS WITS?
GRAAAM
ANSWER: HE WOULDN'T, WHICH MEANS SOMEONE ELSE DID IT TO HIM.
WHICH MAKES HIM A VICTIM.
I HAVE TO SAVE HIM-- SUBDUE HIM...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
HE'S OUT.
BETTER GET HIM AN AMBULANCE. HE'S PROBABLY GOT ENOUGH GARBAGE IN HIS SYSTEM TO STOP AN ELEPHANT.
I DON'T LIKE THIS. NOT AT ALL.
WHO JUICED UP THE COACH--
--AND WHY?

A TENEMENT...
I'M DYIN', HOGMAN!
THE STREET'S BEEN DRY--USED UP THE LAST OF MY STASH THREE DAYS AGO.
THREE DAYS, MAN...
THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH HEROIN, MARKIE.
MAKES YOU NEED GUYS LIKE ME.
THE SMACK IS WHAT I NEED, HOGMAN.
I'M DYIN'!
SHOULDN'T HAVE FINGERED ME, MARKIE. SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD THE COPS YOU SAW ME SHOOT FLAPPER. THAT'S WHY YOU HAVEN'T SCORED.
NOW, IF YOU WAS TO TELL THE JUDGE YOU WAS LYIN'--OR STONED, WHEN YOU SAID YOU SAW ME...
SOLID, MAN. I'LL SAY ANYTHING. I'M--
I KNOW. I KNOW. YOU'RE DYIN'
I WON'T FORGET THIS, HOGMAN.
AHH...
OH, YEAH...
YEAH...
LOOKS HAPPY.
DEAD, TOO.
GEE, DID I FERGET TO 'OUT' THE SMACK LIKE USUAL--AND FEED HIM THE PURE STUFF?
POOR MARKIE.

AND SO...
...LACKING OUR CHIEF WITNESS -- AND HAVING FOUND NO EVIDENCE OF FOUL PLAY IN HIS DEATH--
--THE PROSECUTION MUST WITHDRAW ITS CHARGE OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER AGAINST PETER GRUNTER...
MATT, IF HOGMAN DIDN'T KILL FLAPPER -- WHO DID?
I DON'T KNOW, BILLY. BUT THE LAW WILL FIND HIM -- AND PUNISH HIM.
IT ALWAYS DOES.
I'M OFF THE HOOK NOW, RIGHT, MURDOCK?
YES, HOGMAN.
NO CHANCE OF ANOTHER TRIAL?
NONE.
THEN I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU --
-- THAT I'M GUILTY AS SIN.
HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA FOR YOU, PAL.
JUST MY WAY OF SAYIN' THANKS.


LATER...
HOGMAN!
DON'T TRY TO RUN--
OOF!
WHO'S RUNNIN'?
LOOK, DD-- I DUNNO WHAT YOU WANT...
I WANT TO BEAT YOU SENSELESS.
YOU'RE A PUSHER-- A MURDERER. YOU'VE TRICKED AN HONEST MAN INTO HELPING YOU--DRIVEN A WEAKER MAN TO NEAR SUICIDE--
--CONVINCED AN INNOCENT CHILD THAT THERE'S NO LAW, NO HOPE--
YOU'LL DO NOTHIN' TO ME, HORNHEAD.
I BEEN READIN' ABOUT YOU, YOU'RE A NICE GUY-- A REGULAR BLEEDIN' HEART.
YOU WOULDN'T PUNCH OUT A GUY JUST CUZ YOU FEEL LIKE. SPECIALLY A GUY WITH SUCH A DELICATE HEART CONDITION--
--THAT HE NEEDS A PACEMAKER!
A PACEMAKER! SO THAT'S IT!
THAT WOULD REGULATE HIS HEARTBEAT-- KEEP IT FROM JUMPING WHEN HE LIED TO ME.
I'VE BLOWN IT. HOGMAN'S FREE. IT'S ALL MY FAULT.
GOT TO FIND BILLY-- STOP HIM BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING CRAZY...

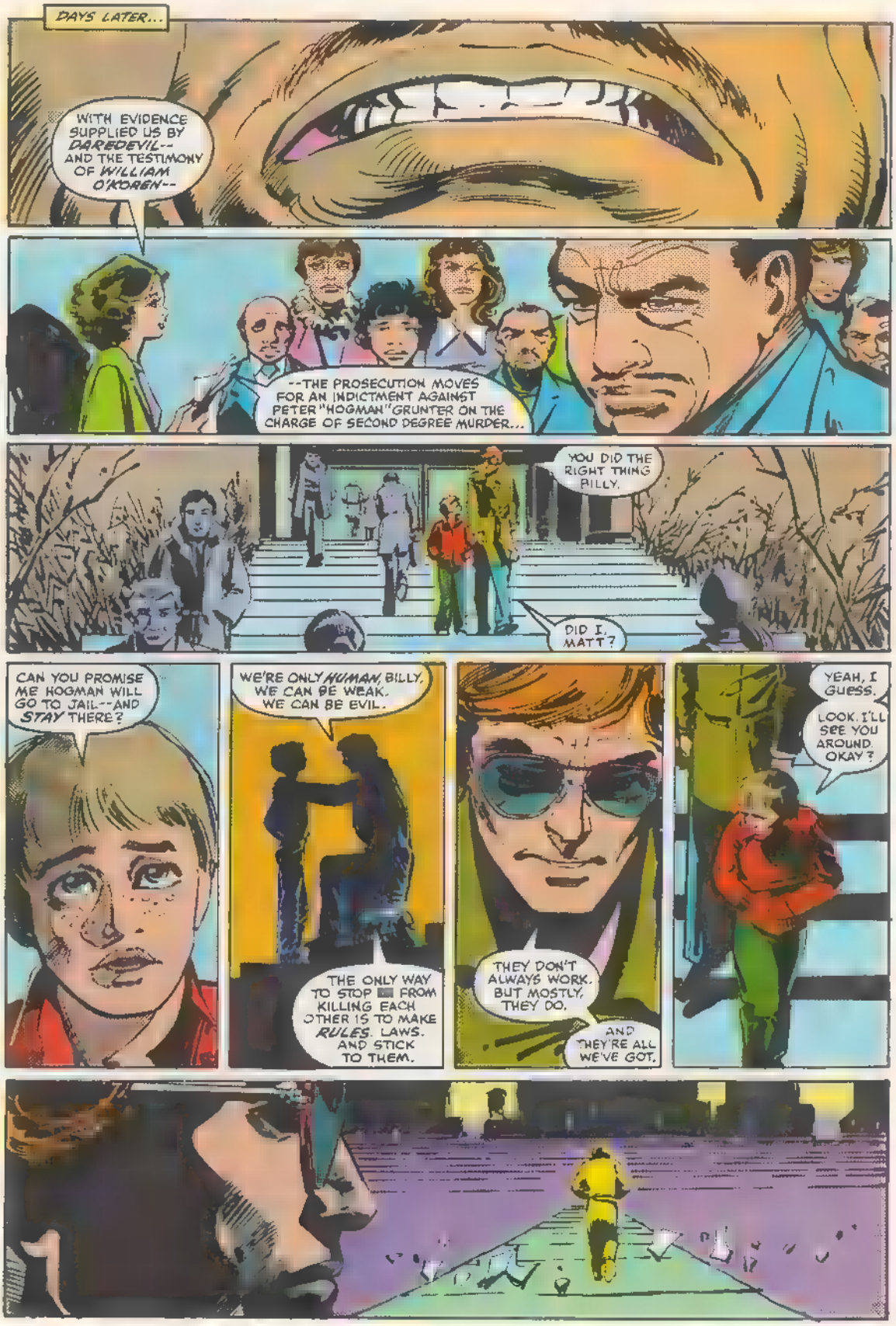
RING RING
HELLO?
YEAH, THIS [redacted] HOGMAN. WHO'S ASKIN'?
WHAT? WHAT!?!
GAS IT UP, SMITTY. HEAD FOR THE SCHOOL.
LITTLE BILLY O'KOREN SAYS HE SAW US OFF MARKIE.
WHAT'S HE WANT?
MONEY.
WHAT HE'S GETTIN'-- IS [redacted]
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! IF YOU'D WATCHED HIM BETTER--
IF YOU ACTED MORE LIKE A FATHER AND LESS LIKE A BUM--
MR. O'KOREN --WHAT'S HAPPENED?
IT'S BILLY! HE'S RUN OFF WITH MY GUN!
I THINK HE'S GONNA KILL SOMEBODY!
HE'S AFTER HOGMAN.
HE'LL HEAD FOR HOGMAN'S APARTMENT-- OR MEET HIM SOMEWHERE.
THE SCHOOL...

SOON...
MAYBE YOU GOT OFF IN COURT--
--BUT IT WAS YOUR DUST THAT KILLED MY SISTER.
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU PAY, HOGMAN!
DON'T TRY IT, KID.
I BROUGHT HELP.
SMITTY?
SMITTY-- BEHIND YOU--
KBLAM
THE PUNISHER-- HERE?!
GIMME THAT PIECE.
BUT...
TAKE A WALK, PUNISHER--
--OR I WASTE THE BRAT!
KBLAM KBLAMM
AAAA

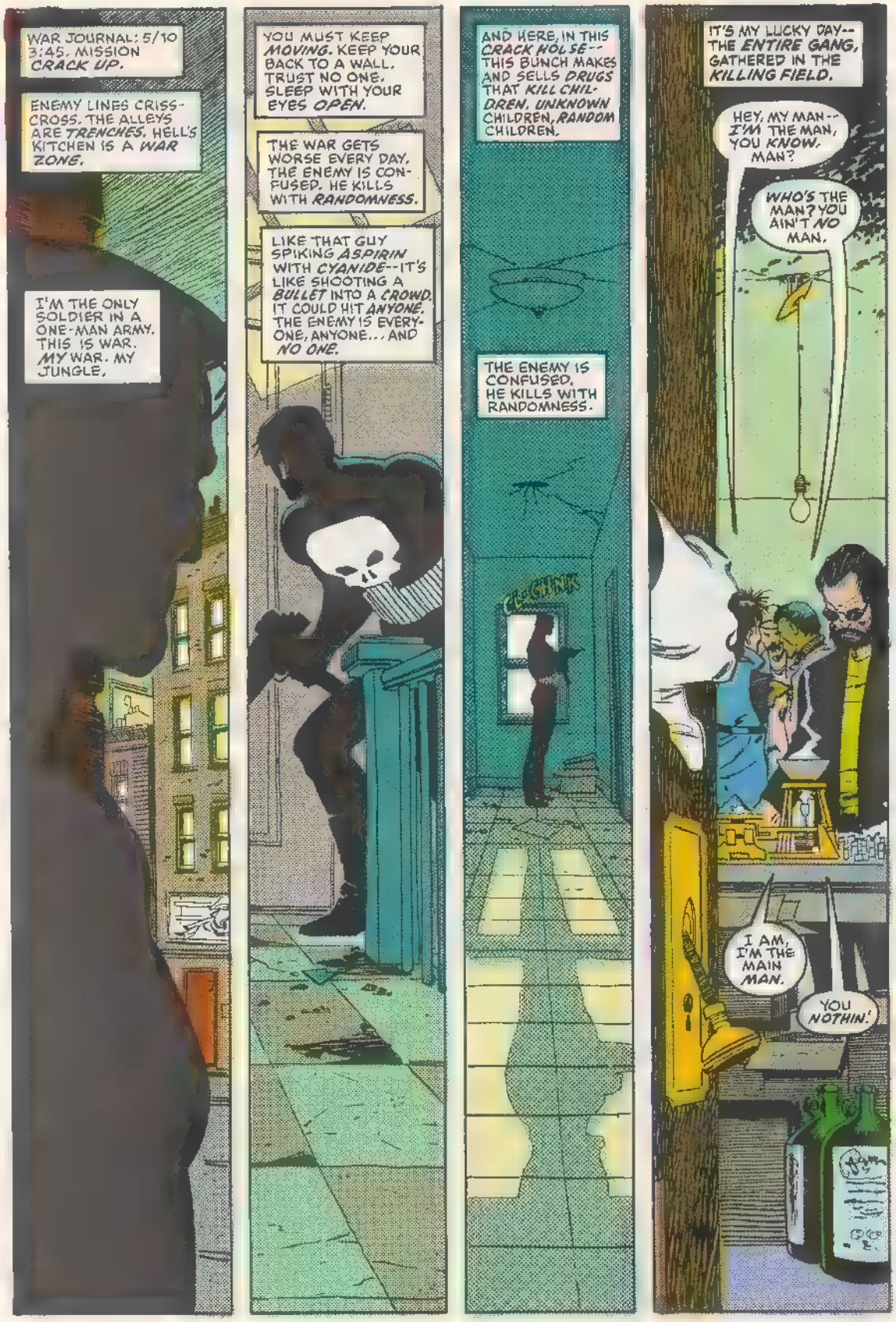
GO HOME, CHILD.
I'LL FINISH THIS.
NO!
KBLAM
BLAM
BLAMM
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
KBLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAMM
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
YOU DON'T SCARE ME, PUNISHER. I'VE DONE MY HOMEWORK--
--AND I KNOW YOU'RE MISSING ME ON PURPOSE.

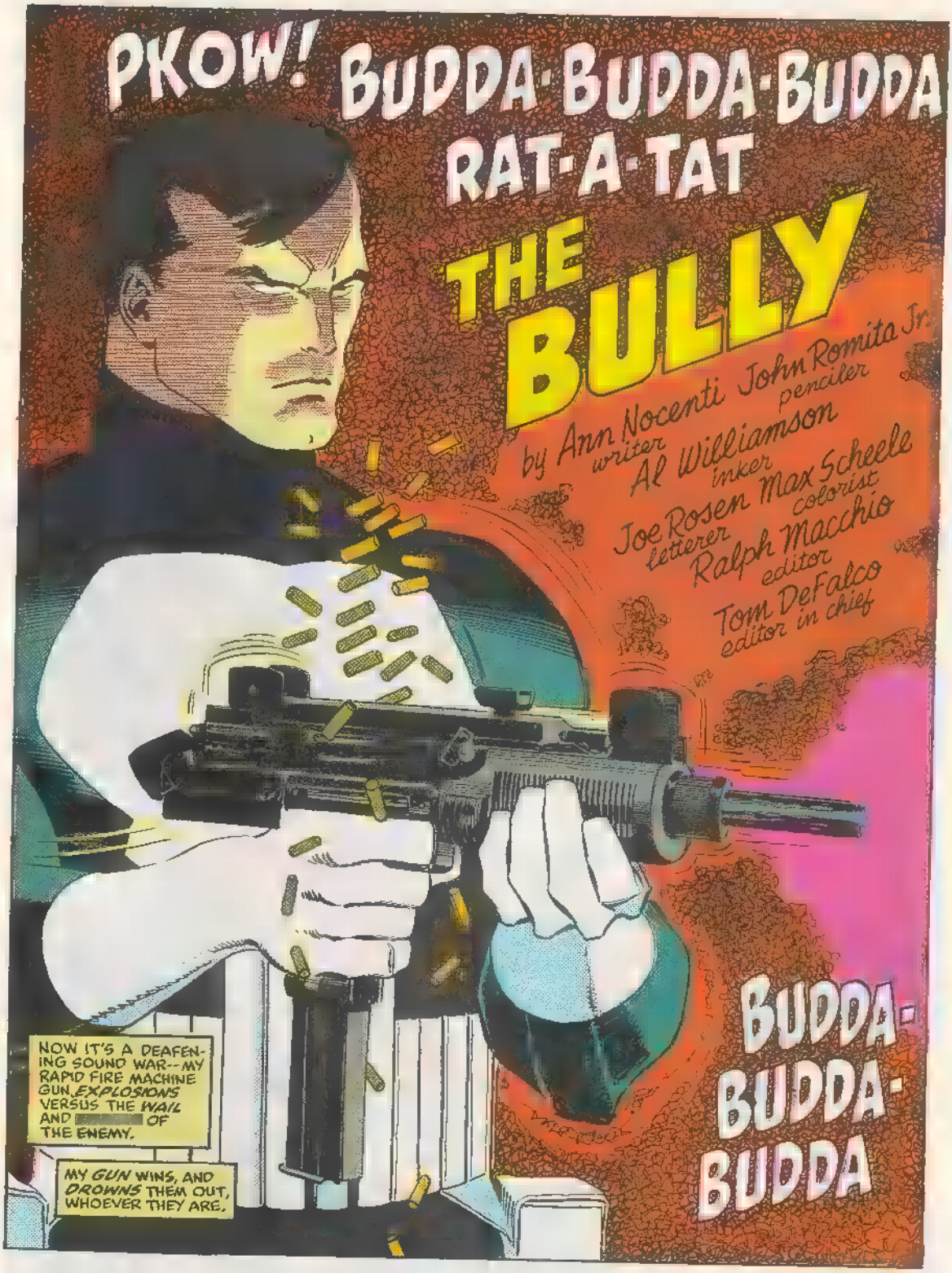
YOU'VE KILLED DOZENS OF CRIMINALS IN YOUR TIME. BUT YOU'VE NEVER HARMED AN INNOCENT.
YOU WON'T KILL ME.
I SHOT YOU ONCE BEFORE--
SURE. BUT THAT WAS A TRANQUILIZER. YOU'RE USING REAL BULLETS NOW.
A TRUCE THEN
I'LL SETTLE WITH HOGMAN LATER
NO TRUCE
YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL.
YOU WOULDN'T DARE--

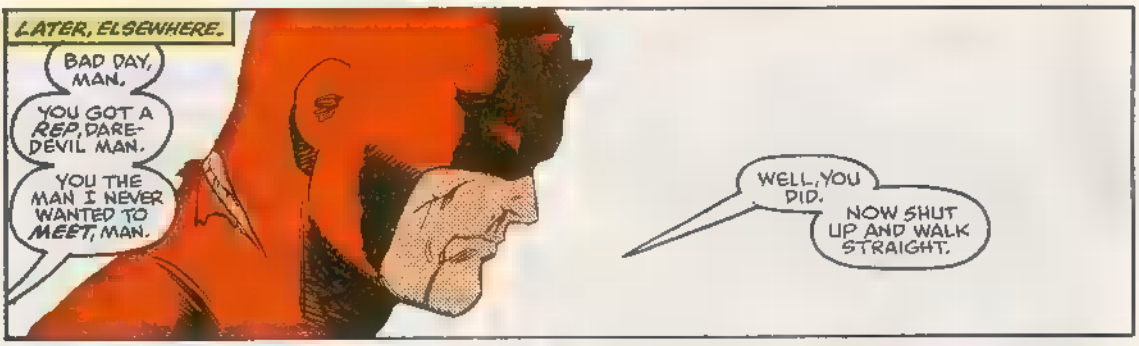
KBRLAMMM
DON'T DO IT, BILLY!
DON'T THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY!
WE'LL GET HIM FOR KILLING MARKIE--
--AND POISONING COACH DONAHUE.
I PROMISE.
BILLY...

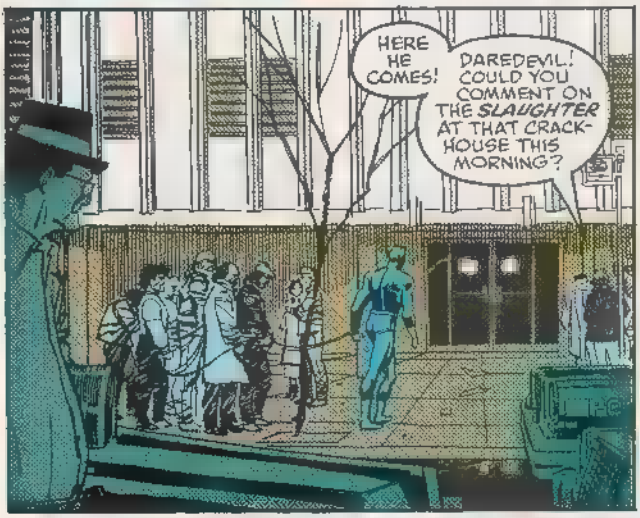

DAYS LATER...
WITH EVIDENCE SUPPLIED US BY DAREDEVIL-- AND THE TESTIMONY OF WILLIAM O'KOREN--
--THE PROSECUTION MOVES FOR AN INDICTMENT AGAINST PETER "HOGMAN" GRUNTER ON THE CHARGE OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER...
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING BILLY.
DID I, MATT?
CAN YOU PROMISE ME HOGMAN WILL GO TO JAIL--AND STAY THERE?
WE'RE ONLY HUMAN, BILLY. WE CAN BE WEAK. WE CAN BE EVIL.
THE ONLY WAY TO STOP [redacted] FROM KILLING EACH OTHER IS TO MAKE RULES. LAWS. AND STICK TO THEM.
THEY DON'T ALWAYS WORK. BUT MOSTLY, THEY DO.
AND THEY'RE ALL WE'VE GOT.
YEAH, I GUESS.
LOOK. I'LL SEE YOU AROUND. OKAY?

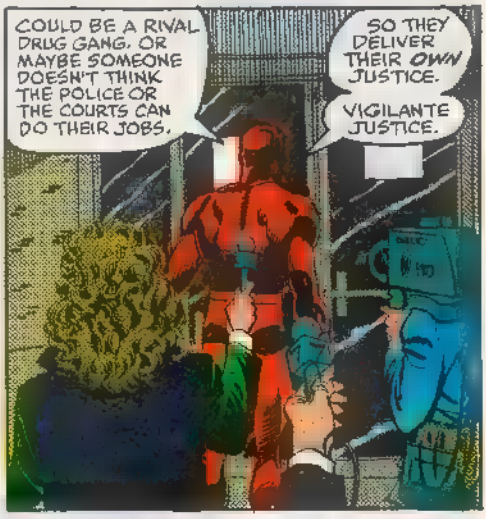
end


WAR JOURNAL: 5/10 3:45. MISSION CRACK UP.
ENEMY LINES CRISS-CROSS. THE ALLEYS ARE TRENCHES. HELL'S KITCHEN IS A WAR ZONE.
I'M THE ONLY SOLDIER IN A ONE-MAN ARMY. THIS IS WAR. MY WAR. MY JUNGLE.
YOU MUST KEEP MOVING. KEEP YOUR BACK TO A WALL. TRUST NO ONE. SLEEP WITH YOUR EYES OPEN.
THE WAR GETS WORSE EVERY DAY. THE ENEMY IS CONFUSED. HE KILLS WITH RANDOMNESS.
LIKE THAT GUY SPIKING ASPIRIN WITH CYANIDE--IT'S LIKE SHOOTING A BULLET INTO A CROWD. IT COULD HIT ANYONE. THE ENEMY IS EVERYONE, ANYONE... AND NO ONE.
AND HERE, IN THIS CRACK HOUSE--THIS BUNCH MAKES AND SELLS DRUGS THAT KILL CHILDREN. UNKNOWN CHILDREN, RANDOM CHILDREN.
THE ENEMY IS CONFUSED. HE KILLS WITH RANDOMNESS.
CLICK CLICK
IT'S MY LUCKY DAY--THE ENTIRE GANG, GATHERED IN THE KILLING FIELD.
HEY, MY MAN--I'M THE MAN, YOU KNOW. MAN?
WHO'S THE MAN? YOU AIN'T NO MAN.
I AM, I'M THE MAIN MAN.
YOU NOTHIN'.

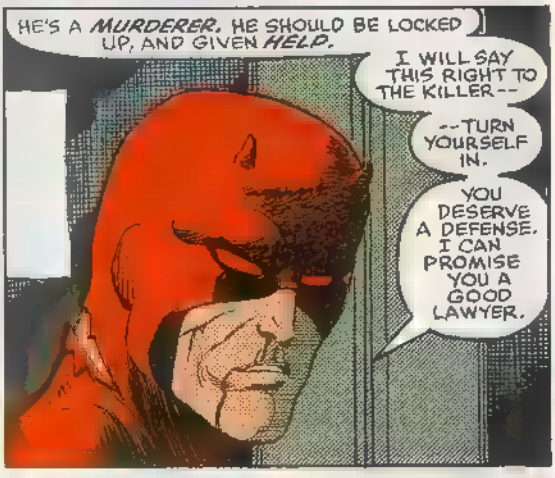

PKOW! BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
RAT-A-TAT
THE BULLY
by Ann Nocenti writer
John Romita Jr. penciler
Al Williamson inker
Joe Rosen letterer
Max Scheele colorist
Ralph Macchio editor
Tom DeFalco editor in chief
NOW IT'S A DEAFENING SOUND WAR--MY RAPID FIRE MACHINE GUN, EXPLOSIONS VERSUS THE WAIL AND [redacted] OF THE ENEMY.
MY GUN WINS, AND DROWNS THEM OUT, WHOEVER THEY ARE.
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

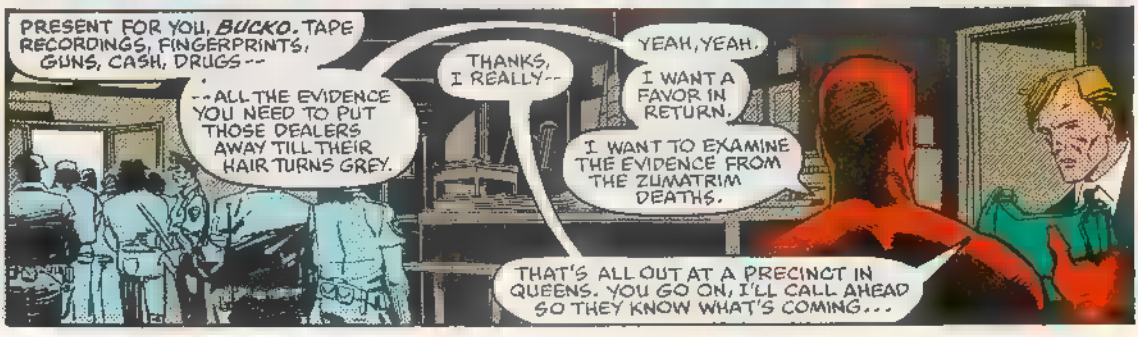

LATER, ELSEWHERE.
BAD DAY, MAN.
YOU GOT A REP, DARE-DEVIL MAN.
YOU THE MAN I NEVER WANTED TO MEET, MAN.
WELL, YOU DID.
NOW SHUT UP AND WALK STRAIGHT.

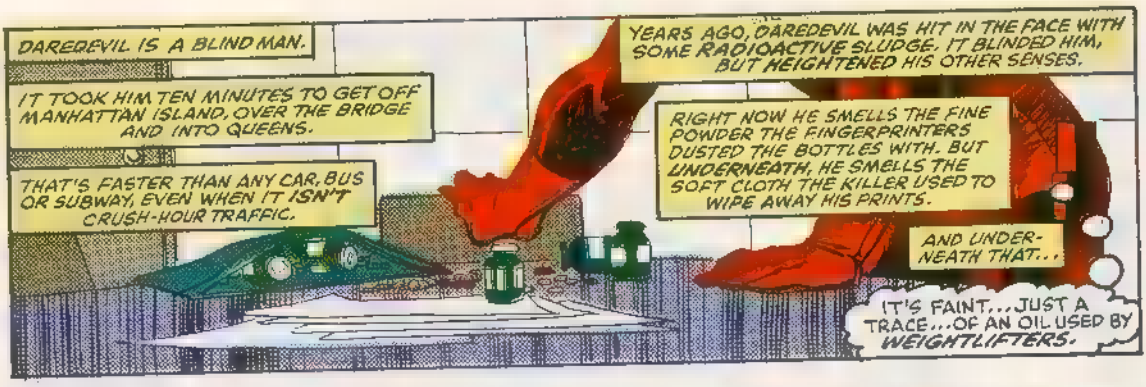

HERE HE COMES!
DAREDEVIL! COULD YOU COMMENT ON THE SLAUGHTER AT THAT CRACK-HOUSE THIS MORNING?

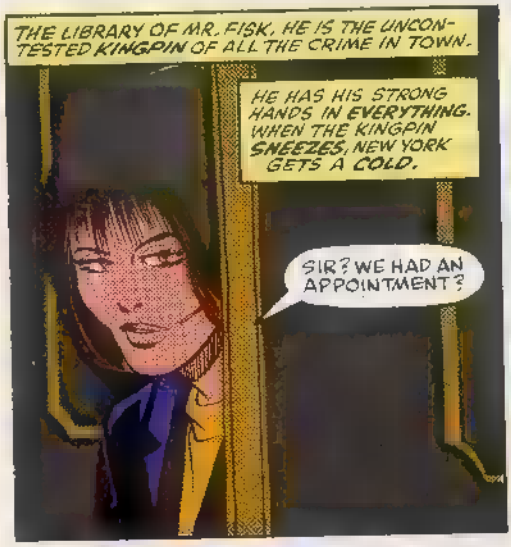

COULD BE A RIVAL DRUG GANG. OR MAYBE SOMEONE DOESN'T THINK THE POLICE OR THE COURTS CAN DO THEIR JOBS.
SO THEY DELIVER THEIR OWN JUSTICE.
VIGILANTE JUSTICE.

HOW ABOUT YOU? YOU JUST BUSTED UP ANOTHER CRACK RING. YOU DIDN'T KILL THEM ALL.
DO YOU BELIEVE THE COURTS WILL DO JUSTICE?
YES, I DO.
AND WHAT ABOUT THE ZUMATRIM ASPIRIN KYLLER? WHAT KIND OF JUSTICE FOR HIM?


HE'S A MURDERER. HE SHOULD BE LOCKED UP, AND GIVEN HELP.
I WILL SAY THIS RIGHT TO THE KILLER--
--TURN YOURSELF IN.
YOU DESERVE A DEFENSE. I CAN PROMISE YOU A GOOD LAWYER.


PRESENT FOR YOU, BUCKO. TAPE RECORDINGS, FINGERPRINTS, GUNS, CASH, DRUGS--
--ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED TO PUT THOSE DEALERS AWAY TILL THEIR HAIR TURNS GREY.
THANKS, I REALLY--
YEAH, YEAH.
I WANT A FAVOR IN RETURN.
I WANT TO EXAMINE THE EVIDENCE FROM THE ZUMATRIM DEATHS.
THAT'S ALL OUT AT A PRECINCT IN QUEENS. YOU GO ON, I'LL CALL AHEAD SO THEY KNOW WHAT'S COMING...


DAREDEVIL IS A BLIND MAN.
IT TOOK HIM TEN MINUTES TO GET OFF MANHATTAN ISLAND, OVER THE BRIDGE AND INTO QUEENS.
THAT'S FASTER THAN ANY CAR, BUS OR SUBWAY, EVEN WHEN IT ISN'T CRUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC.
YEARS AGO, DAREDEVIL WAS HIT IN THE FACE WITH SOME RADIOACTIVE SLUDGE. IT BLINDED HIM, BUT HEIGHTENED HIS OTHER SENSES.
RIGHT NOW HE SMELLS THE FINE POWDER THE FINGERPRINTERS DUSTED THE BOTTLES WITH. BUT UNDERNEATH, HE SMELLS THE SOFT CLOTH THE KILLER USED TO WIPE AWAY HIS PRINTS.
AND UNDER-NEATH THAT...
IT'S FAINT... JUST A TRACE... OF AN OIL USED BY WEIGHTLIFTERS.

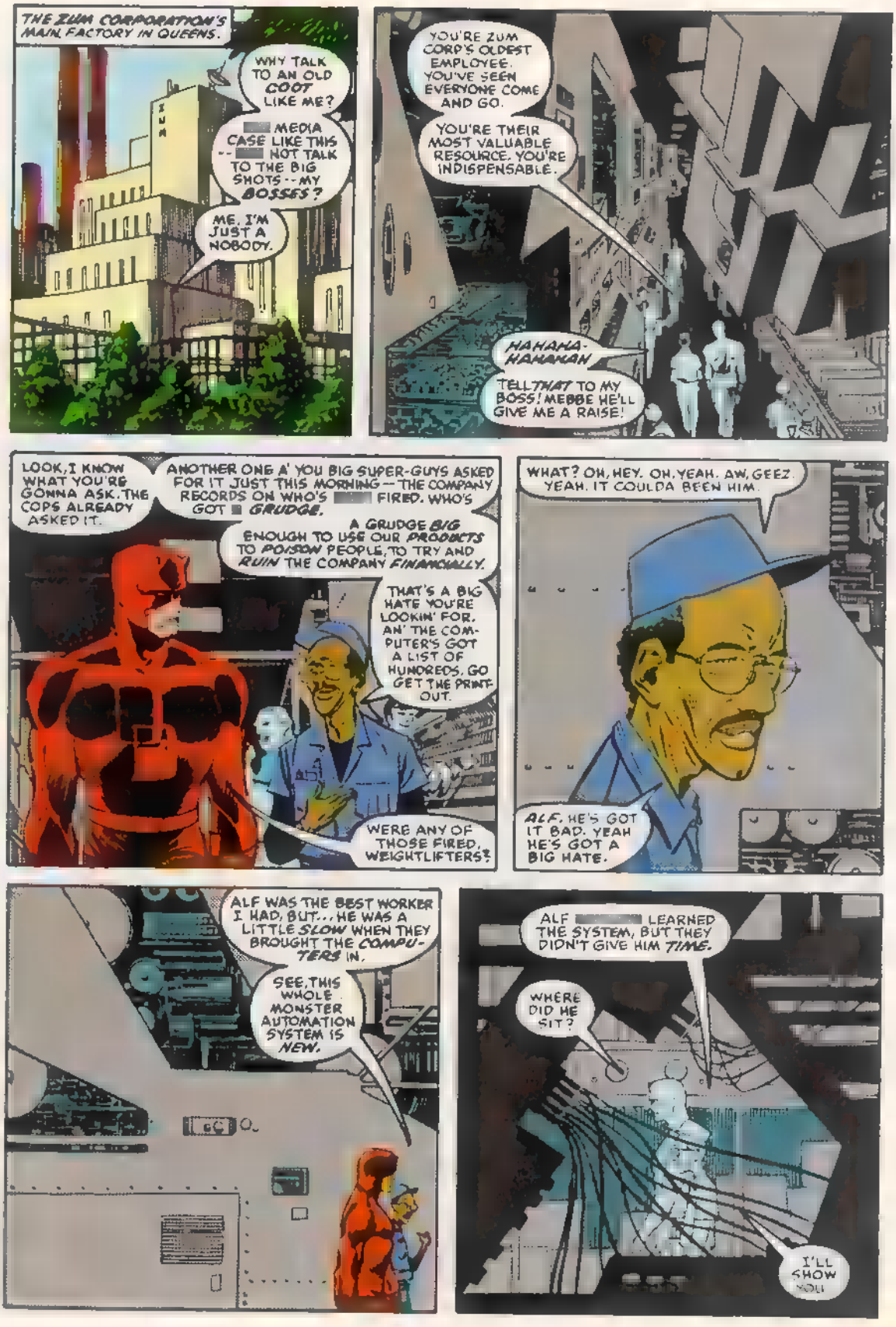

THE LIBRARY OF MR. FISK, HE IS THE UNCONTESTED KINGPIN OF ALL THE CRIME IN TOWN.
HE HAS HIS STRONG HANDS IN EVERYTHING. WHEN THE KINGPIN SNEEZES, NEW YORK GETS A COLD.
SIR? WE HAD AN APPOINTMENT?

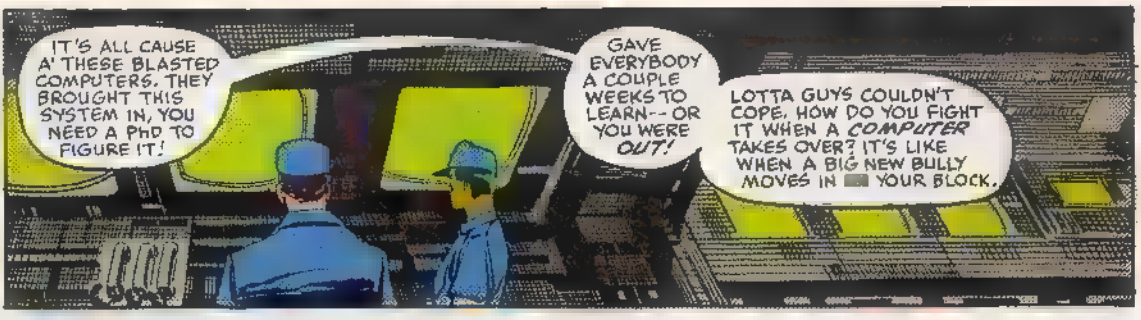
WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME IS MARY.
THE WOMAN I WAS EXPECTING CALLS HERSELF TYPHOID, WHERE IS SHE?
I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS.

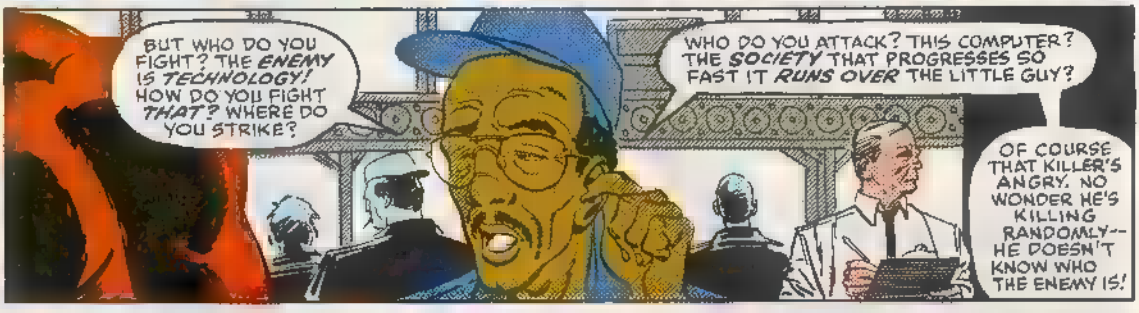
DID YOU KNOW THAT TYPHOID LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE YOU, MARY?
DON'T TOUCH ME.
TYPHOID LIKES TO BE TOUCHED.
SHE LIKES ME TO TOUCH HER.
DON'T! NO ONE TOUCHES ME, EXCEPT...

EXCEPT?
MATT MURDOCK.
I CAN'T HEAR YOU. WHO WAS THAT?
MATT MURDOCK!
GET OUT.

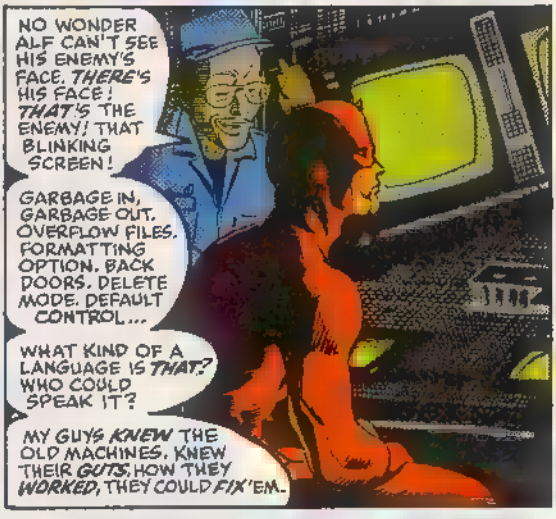
GET OUT OF HERE!
BOSS?
LET HER GO. SHE'LL BE BACK.


THE ZUM CORPORATION'S MAIN FACTORY IN QUEENS.
ZUM
WHY TALK TO AN OLD COOT LIKE ME?
[redacted] MEDIA CASE LIKE THIS -- [redacted] NOT TALK TO THE BIG SHOTS -- MY BOSSES?
ME, I'M JUST A NOBODY.
YOU'RE ZUM CORP'S OLDEST EMPLOYEE. YOU'VE SEEN EVERYONE COME AND GO.
YOU'RE THEIR MOST VALUABLE RESOURCE. YOU'RE INDISPENSABLE.
HAHAHA-HAHAHAH
TELL THAT TO MY BOSS! MEBBE HE'LL GIVE ME A RAISE!
LOOK, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA ASK. THE COPS ALREADY ASKED IT.
ANOTHER ONE A' YOU BIG SUPER-GUYS ASKED FOR IT JUST THIS MORNING -- THE COMPANY RECORDS ON WHO'S [redacted] FIRED. WHO'S GOT [redacted] GRUDGE.
A GRUDGE BIG ENOUGH TO USE OUR PRODUCTS TO POISON PEOPLE, TO TRY AND RUIN THE COMPANY FINANCIALLY.
THAT'S A BIG HATE YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR. AN' THE COMPUTER'S GOT A LIST OF HUNDREDS. GO GET THE PRINT-OUT.
WERE ANY OF THOSE FIRED, WEIGHTLIFTERS?
WHAT? OH, HEY. OH, YEAH. AW, GEEZ. YEAH. IT COULDA BEEN HIM.
ALF. HE'S GOT IT BAD. YEAH HE'S GOT A BIG HATE.
ALF WAS THE BEST WORKER I HAD, BUT... HE WAS A LITTLE SLOW WHEN THEY BROUGHT THE COMPUTERS IN.
SEE, THIS WHOLE MONSTER AUTOMATION SYSTEM IS NEW.
ALF [redacted] LEARNED THE SYSTEM, BUT THEY DIDN'T GIVE HIM TIME.
WHERE DID HE SIT?
I'LL SHOW YOU!

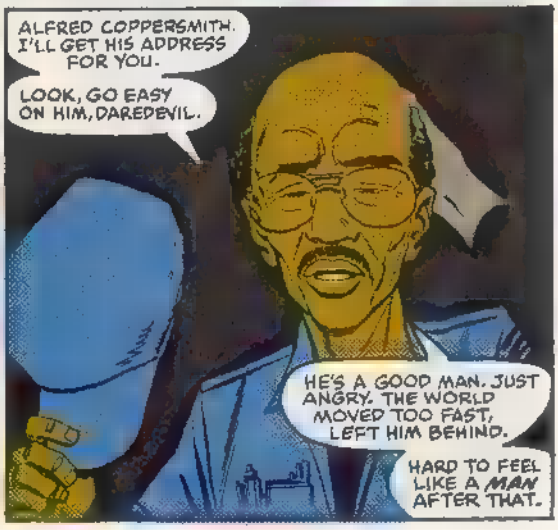

IT'S ALL CAUSE A' THESE BLASTED COMPUTERS. THEY BROUGHT THIS SYSTEM IN, YOU NEED A PhD TO FIGURE IT!
GAVE EVERYBODY A COUPLE WEEKS TO LEARN-- OR YOU WERE OUT!
LOTTA GUYS COULDN'T COPE. HOW DO YOU FIGHT IT WHEN A COMPUTER TAKES OVER? IT'S LIKE WHEN A BIG NEW BULLY MOVES IN YOUR BLOCK.


BUT WHO DO YOU FIGHT? THE ENEMY IS TECHNOLOGY! HOW DO YOU FIGHT THAT? WHERE DO YOU STRIKE?
WHO DO YOU ATTACK? THIS COMPUTER? THE SOCIETY THAT PROGRESSES SO FAST IT RUNS OVER THE LITTLE GUY?
OF COURSE THAT KILLER'S ANGRY. NO WONDER HE'S KILLING RANDOMLY-- HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO THE ENEMY IS!

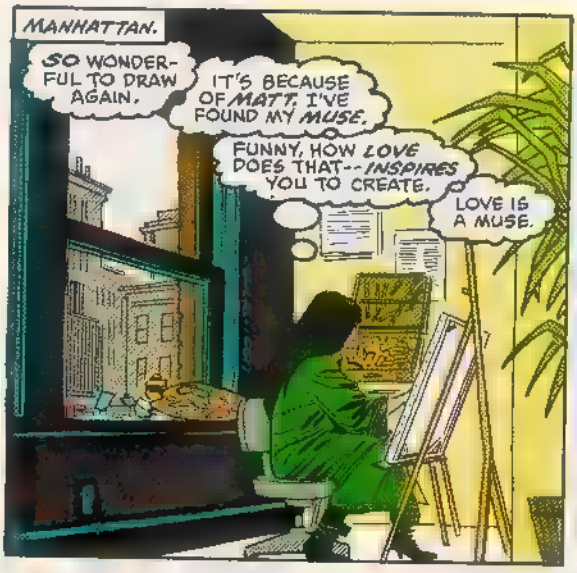
LOOK-- HERE'S THE KID WHO TOOK OVER ALF'S SEAT. YOUNG PUNK, JUST OUTTA HIGH SCHOOL. COMPUTER WHIZ KID, NICE KID.
BUT ALF WAS HUMILIATED. KID HALF HIS AGE.
TAKE A WALK, JACKIE.
SURE, BOSS.


NO WONDER ALF CAN'T SEE HIS ENEMY'S FACE. THERE'S HIS FACE! THAT'S THE ENEMY! THAT BLINKING SCREEN!
GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT. OVERFLOW FILES. FORMATTING OPTION. BACK DOORS. DELETE MODE. DEFAULT CONTROL...
WHAT KIND OF A LANGUAGE IS THAT? WHO COULD SPEAK IT?
MY GUYS KNEW THE OLD MACHINES. KNEW THEIR GUTS. HOW THEY WORKED, THEY COULD FIX 'EM.

NOW IT'S ALL A MYSTERY. SYSTEM BREAKS, WE'RE HELPLESS. CALL IN THE EXPERTS.
YOU HEAR WHAT I'M SAYIN'?
YES. I UNDERSTAND... HOW HE MUST HAVE FELT.

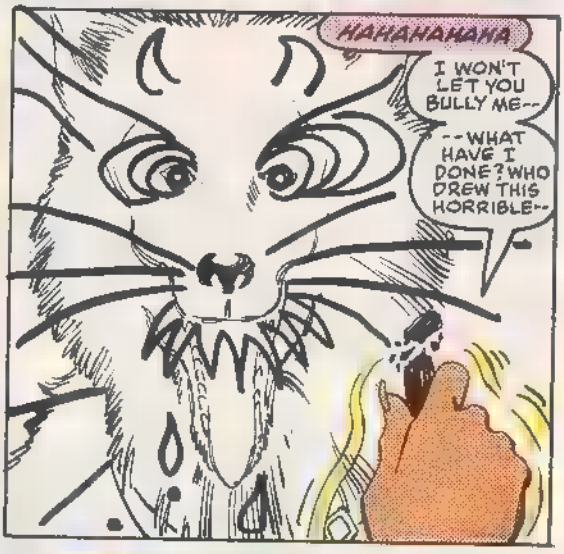

ALFRED COPPERSMITH. I'LL GET HIS ADDRESS FOR YOU.
LOOK, GO EASY ON HIM, DAREDEVIL.
HE'S A GOOD MAN. JUST ANGRY. THE WORLD MOVED TOO FAST, LEFT HIM BEHIND.
HARD TO FEEL LIKE A MAN AFTER THAT.

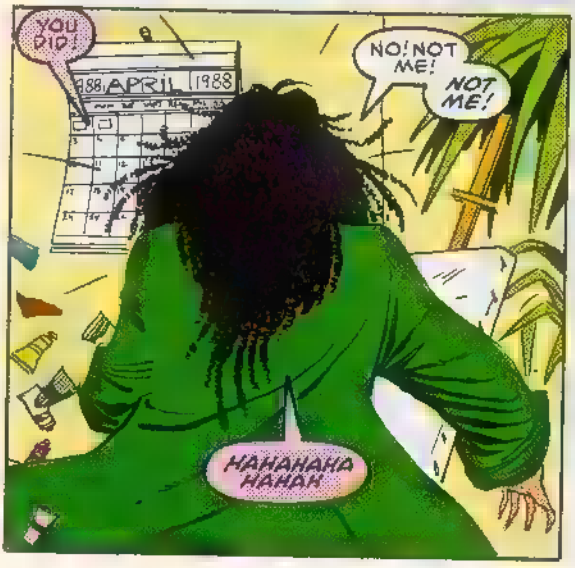
ELSEWHERE IN QUEENS.
HUMPHF!
TWENTY!
NO PAIN, NO GAIN.
GOTTA GET PAST THE PAIN.
GETTIN' TIRED, GOTTA TRY AN' SLEEP TONIGHT.
TOO MANY NIGHTMARES. CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THOSE ZUM BUMS, HOW THEY FIRED ME.
I'M TIRED A' BEIN' SO FULL OF HATE.
GAVE THEM MY BEST, MY BEST YEARS, SLAVED FOR THEM.
HURMF!
TWENTY-ONE. BEIN' THE BEST AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH NO MORE.
CAN WORK ON MY BODY, MAKE IT THE BEST. WHAT ELSE CAN A MAN DO?
NOTHIN'S GOOD ENOUGH ANYMORE.
I HATE THEM. GAVE 'EM MY LABOR MY SWEAT MY LIFE!
I HATE THEM. AN' I'M TIRED OF HATING. HATE THEM COMPUTERS.
NOW THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, COMPUTERS. I COULDA BEAT 'EM.
WISH I HAD JUST ONE ENEMY AND HE HAD A FACE I COULD SMASH.
BUT NO, GOTTA DO IT THIS WAY, 'CAUSE HE'S EVERYWHERE.
HROOUUF!
TWENTY-TWO.
ALL MEN, ANY MAN. MY ENEMY IS FACELESS.
I'LL MAKE 'EM ALL PAY.


MANHATTAN.
SO WONDERFUL TO DRAW AGAIN.
IT'S BECAUSE OF MATT. I'VE FOUND MY MUSE.
FUNNY, HOW LOVE DOES THAT--INSPIRES YOU TO CREATE.
LOVE IS A MUSE.

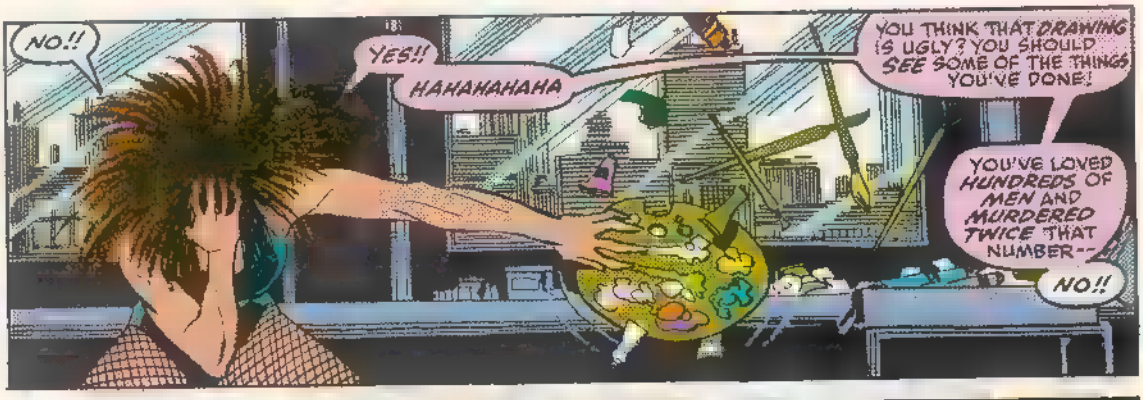
I'M SO HAPPY.
HAPPINESS, WHAT A SILLY WORD. WONDERFUL, SILLY HAPPINESS.
SO HARD TO TRUST IT...
WELL, I'LL MEET MATT LATER, AND...
AND WHAT?

AND I'LL...
KISS HIM? YOU LITTLE SLUT.
NO! I'M NOT...
YES YOU ARE. YOU'RE A WEAK PATHETIC SNIVELING SLUT!
NO! SHUT UP! GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

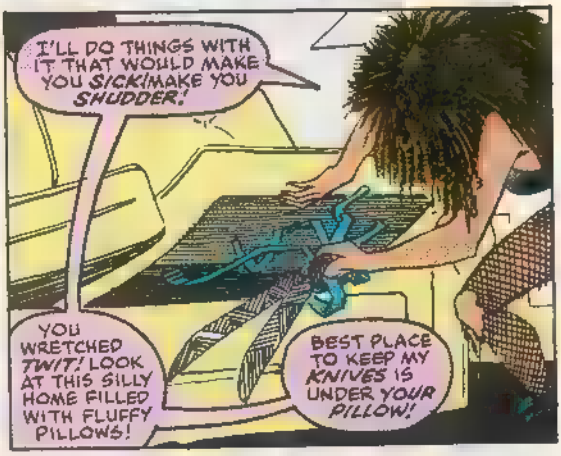

HAHAHAHAHA
I WON'T LET YOU BULLY ME--
--WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHO DREW THIS HORRIBLE--

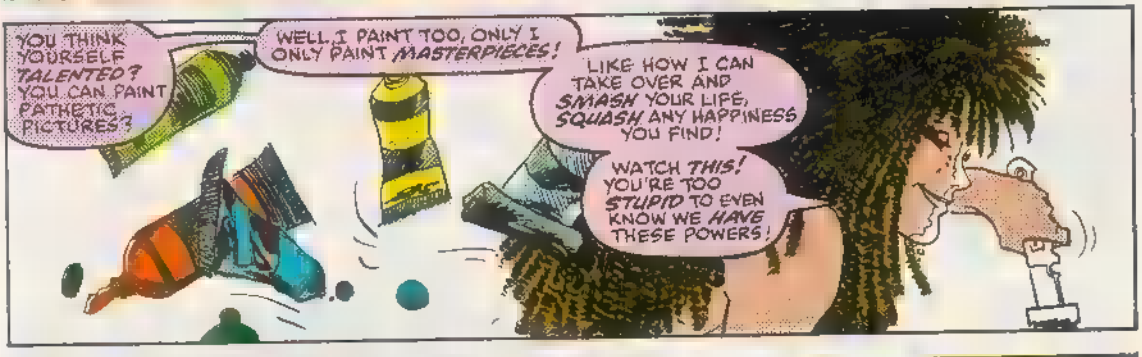

YOU DID!
APRIL 1988
NO! NOT ME!
NOT ME!
HAHAHAHA HAHAH

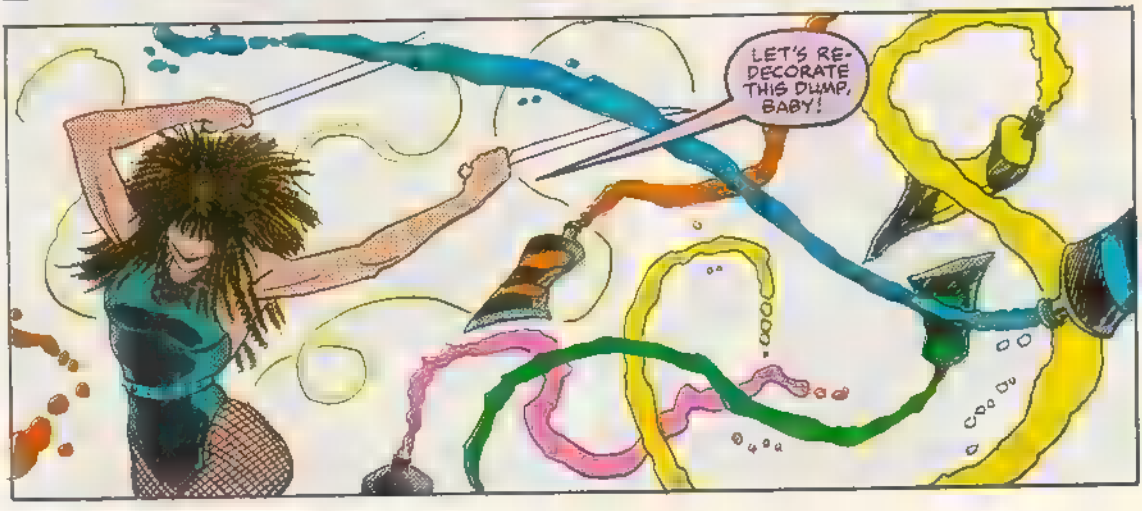
OH GOD WHAT AM I WEARING?!!


NO!!
YES!!
HAHAHAHAHA
YOU THINK THAT DRAWING IS UGLY? YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE!
YOU'VE LOVED HUNDREDS OF MEN AND MURDERED TWICE THAT NUMBER--
NO!!

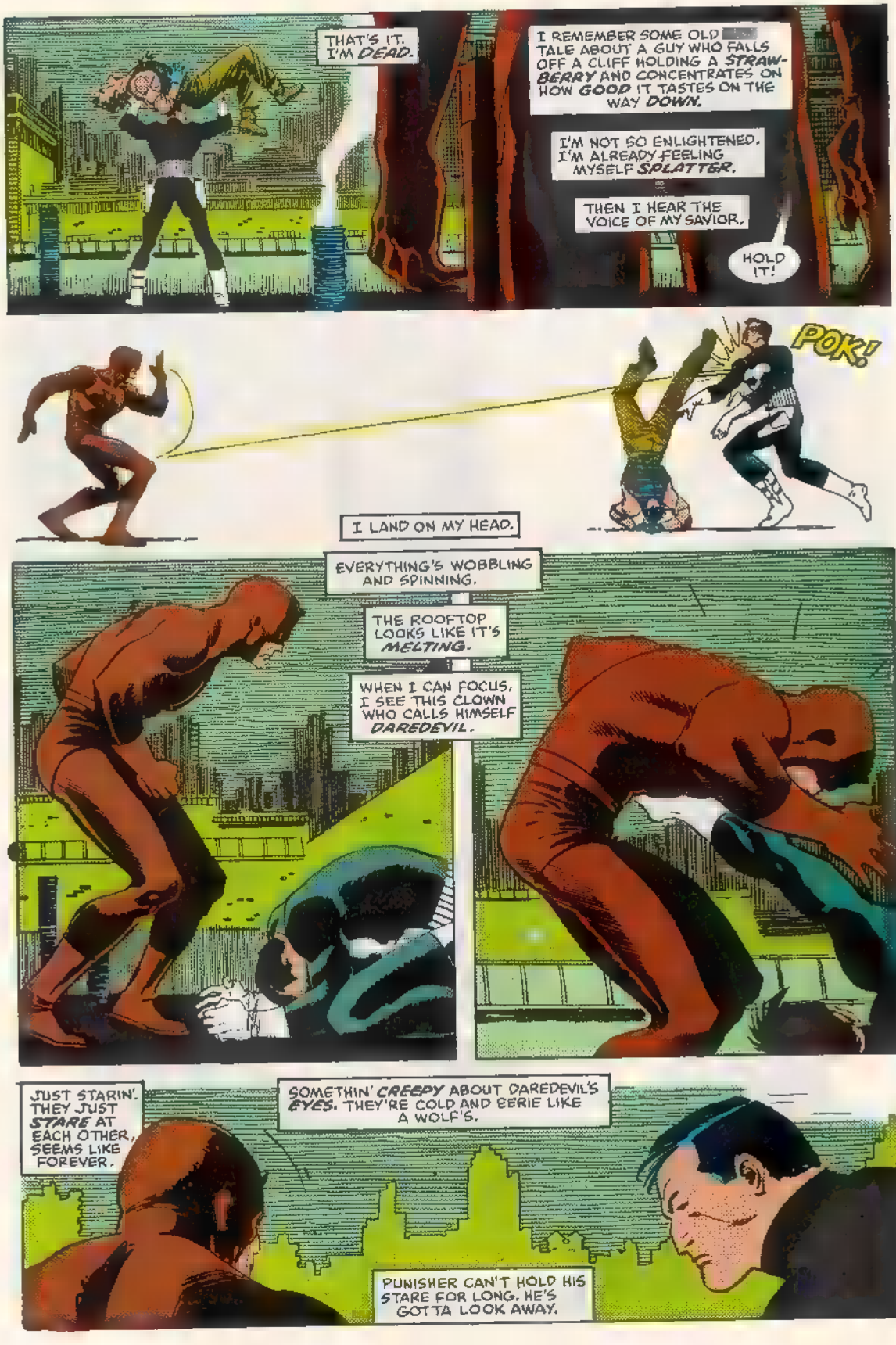
YES! GO ON--CRAWL AWAY AND HIDE IN THE DARK COWARDLY CORNERS OF MY MIND!
SHUT UP, BEHAVE, SUBMIT!
THIS BODY IS MINE NOW! I'LL USE IT ANY WAY I WANT!

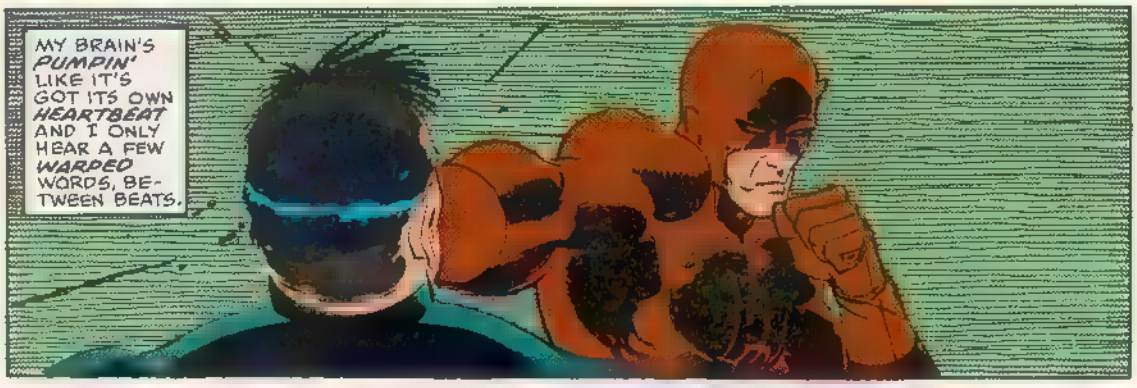

I'LL DO THINGS WITH IT THAT WOULD MAKE YOU SICK/MAKE YOU SHUDDER!
YOU WRETCHED TWIT! LOOK AT THIS SILLY HOME FILLED WITH FLUFFY PILLOWS!
BEST PLACE TO KEEP MY KNIVES IS UNDER YOUR PILLOW!


YOU THINK YOURSELF TALENTED? YOU CAN PAINT PATHETIC PICTURES?
WELL, I PAINT TOO, ONLY I ONLY PAINT MASTERPIECES!
LIKE HOW I CAN TAKE OVER AND SMASH YOUR LIFE, SQUASH ANY HAPPINESS YOU FIND!
WATCH THIS! YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO EVEN KNOW WE HAVE THESE POWERS!

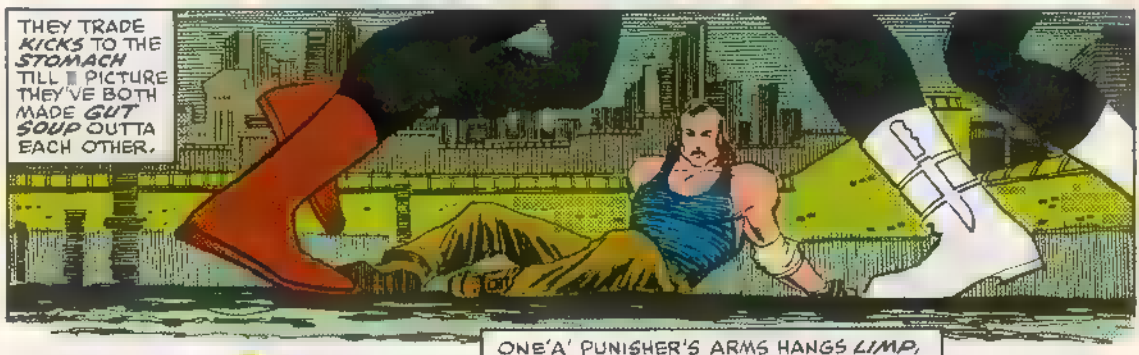

LET'S RE-DECORATE THIS DUMP, BABY!

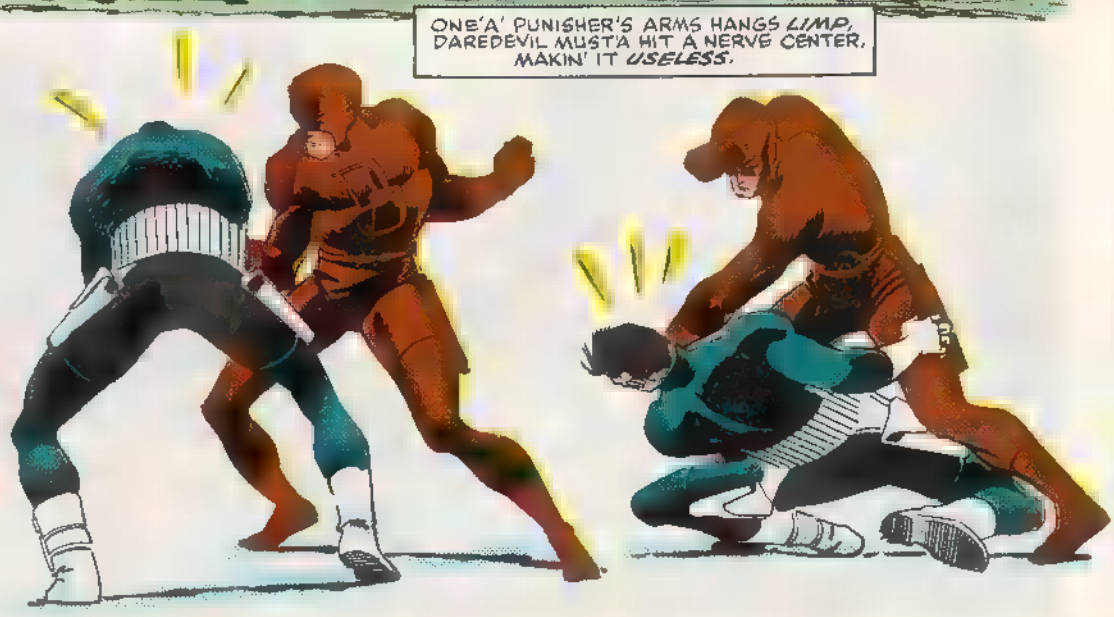
I LOVE IT!
SO LONG, MARY-- TYPHOID'S BACK ON TOP!
AND SHE'S MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER!
TIME TO ROCK AN' ROLL!
THINK I'LL GO SEE THAT SEXY KINGPIN!
SEE WHAT THE BIG BOY'S MADE OF.
ELSEWHERE, THE PUNISHER HAS CAUGHT UP WITH ALFRED COPPERSMITH--
HEY! I GOT RIGHTS!
YEAH, YOU DO.
YOU GOT THE RIGHT TO GO SPLAT ON THE PAVEMENT!


THAT'S IT. I'M DEAD.
I REMEMBER SOME OLD TALE ABOUT A GUY WHO FALLS OFF A CLIFF HOLDING A STRAWBERRY AND CONCENTRATES ON HOW GOOD IT TASTES ON THE WAY DOWN.
I'M NOT SO ENLIGHTENED. I'M ALREADY FEELING MYSELF SPLATTER.
THEN I HEAR THE VOICE OF MY SAVIOR.
HOLD IT!
POK!
I LAND ON MY HEAD.
EVERYTHING'S WOBBLING AND SPINNING.
THE ROOFTOP LOOKS LIKE IT'S MELTING.
WHEN I CAN FOCUS, I SEE THIS CLOWN WHO CALLS HIMSELF DAREDEVIL.
JUST STARIN'. THEY JUST STARE AT EACH OTHER, SEEMS LIKE FOREVER.
SOMETHIN' CREEPY ABOUT DAREDEVIL'S EYES. THEY'RE COLD AND EERIE LIKE A WOLF'S.
PUNISHER CAN'T HOLD HIS STARE FOR LONG. HE'S GOTTA LOOK AWAY.


MY BRAIN'S *PUMPIN'* LIKE IT'S GOT ITS OWN *HEARTBEAT* AND I ONLY HEAR A FEW *WARPED* WORDS, BE-TWEEN BEATS.

I COULDA SWORE DAREDEVIL SAYS SOMETHIN' ABOUT WANTING TO HAVE A *TALK*, BUT IT MUST BE A *JOKE* 'CAUSE RIGHT OFF THEY START SLAMMIN' HEADS.


THEY TRADE *KICKS* TO THE *STOMACH* TILL ▮ PICTURE THEY'VE BOTH MADE *GUT SOUP* OUTTA EACH OTHER.


ONE'A' PUNISHER'S ARMS HANGS *LIMP*, DAREDEVIL MUST'A HIT A NERVE CENTER, MAKIN' IT *USELESS*.

I HEAR SOME MORE WORDS. PUNISHER SAYS SOMETHIN' ABOUT MAGGOTS RIDIN' A JUSTICE MERRY-GO-ROUND.
DAREDEVIL SAYS SOMETHIN' ABOUT EVEN MAGGOTS DESERVIN' DEFENSE.
I REALIZE THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME. COUPLE'A BIG BULLIES BEATIN' ON EACH OTHER TO SEE WHO WINS ME, WHO GETS TO DECIDE MY FATE.
SO STUPID. THEY THINK THEY GOT SOMETHIN' TO ARGUE ABOUT. BUT THEY DON'T, 'CAUSE THEY'RE THE SAME GUY.
THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM. BOTH BULLIES, AN' ALL BULLIES THINK THEY'RE THE ONE THAT'S RIGHT.
EVERYBODY CAN'T [redacted] RIGHT.

MY HEAD HURTS.
I SHOULD RUN AWAY. THESE GUYS SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ME.
BUT I CAN'T MOVE. IT'S LIKE I'M TRANSFIXED BY THESE FIGHTERS.
I THINK OF DOGS, FIGHTING OVER A PIECE OF TURF OR A BONE. I THINK OF KIDS, FIGHTING TO BE THE BIGGEST BULLY ON THE BLOCK.
I THINK THEY'RE BOTH NUTS. I HEAR A FEW MORE WORDS. THE GUY WITH THE SKULLHEAD THINKS I'M A MAGGOT, AND I'LL WALTZ OUT OF JAIL IN NO TIME.
SO HE FIGURES -- KILL ME NOW, BEFORE I KILL AGAIN. MAKES SENSE.
THE RED GUY WITH HORNS THINKS THE BUNGLING COURT SYSTEM'S A SMALL PRICE FOR A FREE SOCIETY. HE SAYS IF WE IGNORE THE JUSTICE SYSTEM, THERE'D JUST BE ANARCHY. HE MAKES SENSE TOO.
FUNNY, THESE TWO GUYS FIGHTIN' OVER ME, TALKIN' 'BOUT ME LIKE I AIN'T EVEN HERE. SOMEHOW, WATCHIN' THESE TWO, I'M STARTIN' TO FORGET JUST WHO IT WAS I HATED SO MUCH. MEBBE IT'S THEM.
WHAT'S THIS? PUNISHER'S PULLIN' A GUN! HE'S POINTIN' IT --!

OUCH! REDMAN'S GOT EYES IN BACK OF HIS HEAD!

I GOTTA GET UP, GOTTA RUN AWAY.

BUT...I JUST CAN'T STOP WATCHING.

THESE GUYS...THEY USE JUDO THROWS AND KARATE KICKS AND WRESTLING HOLDS AND DANCE AN' PUNCH LIKE BOXERS, LIKE THE GREATS...

THIS IS BETTER THAN ANY RINGSIDE SEAT, ANY FIGHT I EVER BEEN TO.

I FEEL LIKE I'M WITNESSING SOMETHIN' SUPERHUMAN, SOMETHIN' SPECIAL AN' POWERFUL...

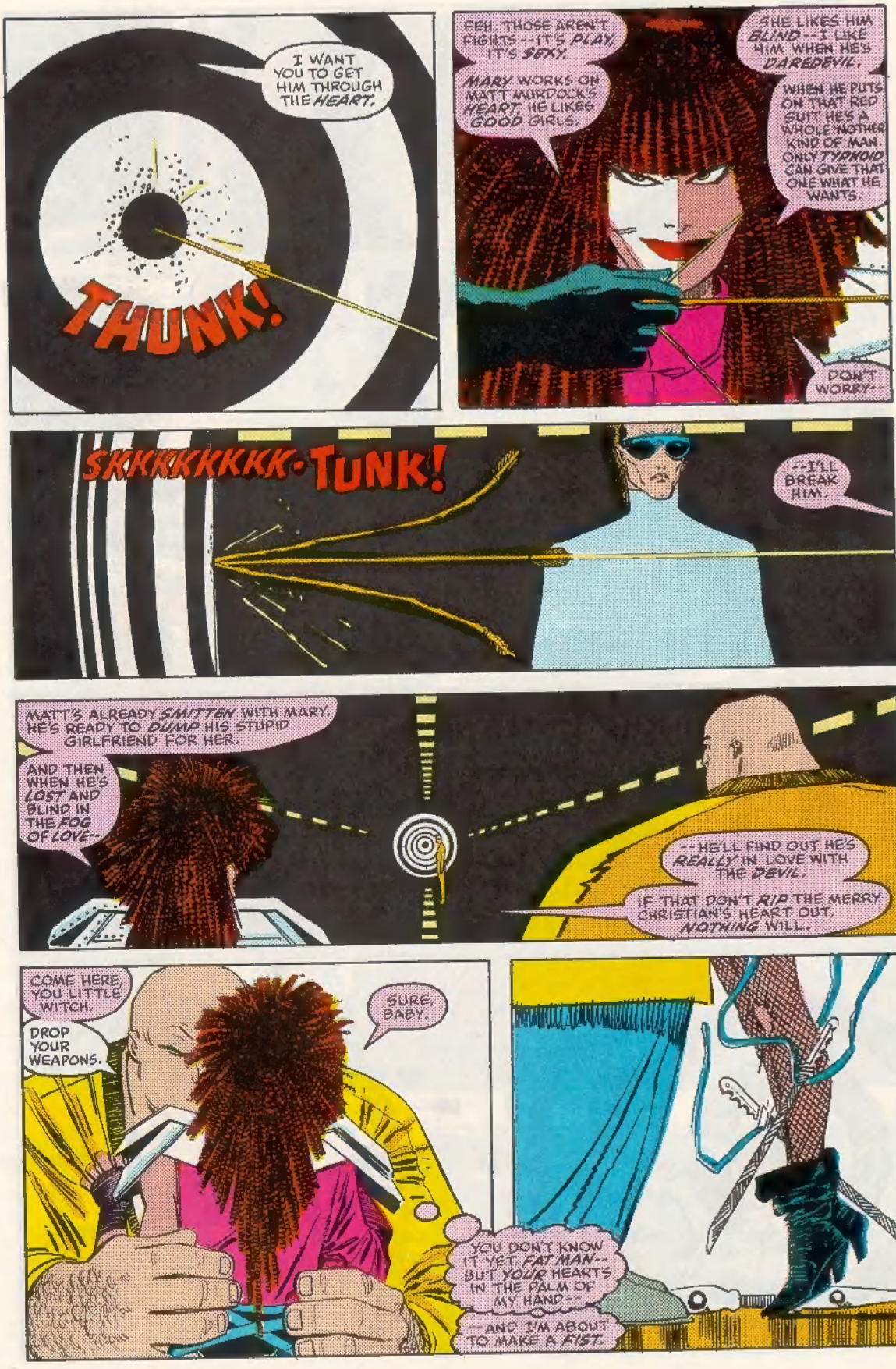
LIKE THIS IS THE BEST OF THE BEST...

AN' THEY'RE FIGHTIN' OVER ME...

HEY! THERE'S THE PUNISHER'S GUN...

HAD ENOUGH *TALK*, PUNISHER? HAVE I MADE MY POINT?
I'M TAKING MY MAN IN. MR. COPPERSMITH IS ENTITLED TO HIS DAY IN COURT.
OH YEAH? WHERE *IS* MR. COPPERSMITH?
RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
I FIGURE I'LL SHOOT THEM IN THE LEGS. *CRIPPLE* 'EM AN' *RUN*.
BUT OL' HORNHEAD *CHUCKS* THAT THING *FASTER* THAN I CAN *THINK*.
I DON'T REMEMBER *NOTHIN'* AFTER THAT.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, *BIG* MAN, YOU THINK I'M LOSING *CONTROL*?

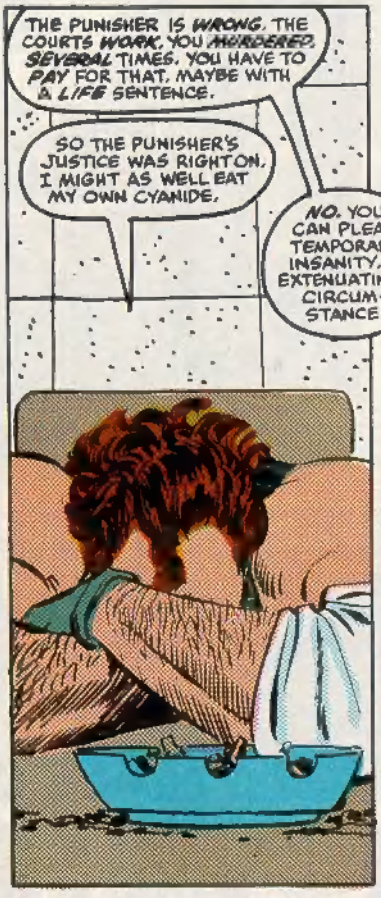
SHUNK!
I WANT TO KNOW WHY MARY WAS DOMINANT THIS MORNING.
I LET HER TAKE OVER.
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO MEET HER.
IT'S TYPHOID I WANT ON TOP OF THINGS, YOU KNOW THAT.
YOUR SHOT.
MARY'S A WIMP I CAN BULLY HER AWAY ANYTIME I WANT.
SHUNK!
JUST REMEMBER WHAT I'M PAYING YOU THE MILLION FOR.
I WANT MURDOCK TO TAKE AN EMOTIONAL BLOODBATH, NOT A PHYSICAL ONE.
I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO FIGHT HIM.


I WANT YOU TO GET HIM THROUGH THE HEART.
THUNK!
FEH. THOSE AREN'T FIGHTS--IT'S PLAY, IT'S SEXY.
MARY WORKS ON MATT MURDOCK'S HEART. HE LIKES GOOD GIRLS.
SHE LIKES HIM BLIND--I LIKE HIM WHEN HE'S DAREDEVIL.
WHEN HE PUTS ON THAT RED SUIT HE'S A WHOLE 'NOTHER KIND OF MAN. ONLY TYPHOID CAN GIVE THAT ONE WHAT HE WANTS.
DON'T WORRY--
SKKKKKKKK-TUNK!
--I'LL BREAK HIM.
MATT'S ALREADY SMITTEN WITH MARY. HE'S READY TO DUMP HIS STUPID GIRLFRIEND FOR HER.
AND THEN WHEN HE'S LOST AND BLIND IN THE FOG OF LOVE--
--HE'LL FIND OUT HE'S REALLY IN LOVE WITH THE DEVIL.
IF THAT DON'T RIP THE MERRY CHRISTIAN'S HEART OUT, NOTHING WILL.
COME HERE, YOU LITTLE WITCH.
DROP YOUR WEAPONS.
SURE, BABY.
YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET, FAT MAN--BUT YOUR HEART'S IN THE PALM OF MY HAND--
--AND I'M ABOUT TO MAKE A FIST.

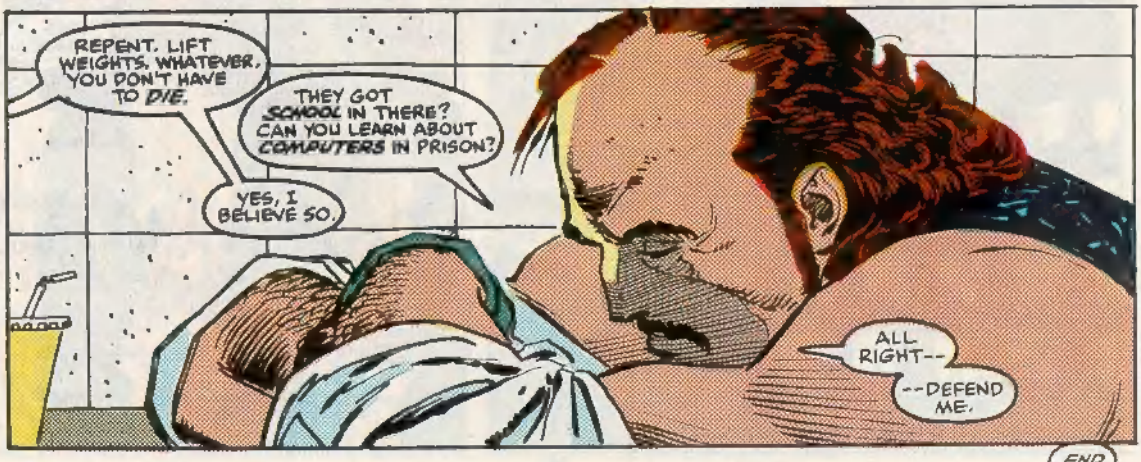
AND LATER...
I ONLY HAVE A MOMENT MORE, I HAVE TO BE AT THE JAILHOUSE.
WHAT DID YOU DO ALL DAY, MARY?
I...WAS HOME, I DID A PAINTING...
HER HEARTBEAT JUMPED. SHE'S LYING!
MATT, I WANT TO BE WITH YOU, SEE YOU MORE, BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS BUSY!
I'M ALWAYS ALONE, I'M AFRAID TO BE ALONE!
LET'S DUCK IN HERE.
OH--I DON'T LIKE CHURCHES...
I CAN'T SEE YOU TOO OFTEN, MARY--NOT UNTIL I TELL KAREN WHAT'S GOING ON. IT'S NOT FAIR TO DECEIVE HER.
BUT...I MUST THINK AND BE SURE, THIS WILL BREAK HER HEART, AND THAT'S ONE OF THE WORST THINGS YOU CAN DO TO SOMEONE...
...PERHAPS I JUST HAVE NO RIGHT TO DO THAT, TO DESTROY SOMEONE WHO TRUSTS ME,
MATT! HOLD ME...
SSSSSSS
HOLD ME TIGHT...
I'M SCARED...
WHY? OF WHAT?
FOOOSH
FOOOSH
SWOOOSH!
JUST KISS ME...
KISS MMMM...

LATER, AT A MANHATTAN COP SHOP...
WE'RE IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM NOW, MR. MURDOCK. THERE'S A TABLE. AND MR. COPPERSMITH IS...
OKAY, OKAY.
YOU SURE YOU WANT TO BE ALONE...
YES, PLEASE GO.
I'LL BE RIGHT OUTSIDE...
FINE, FINE.

YOU THE GUY DAREDEVIL PROMISED TO GET ME?
YES.
I DON'T NEED YOU. PUNISHER SAID I'D BE OUT IN A MONTH. AND HE'S WATIN' FOR ME WITH HIS GUN.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I NEED.


THE PUNISHER IS WRONG. THE COURTS WORK. YOU MURDERED SEVERAL TIMES. YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT. MAYBE WITH A LIFE SENTENCE.
SO THE PUNISHER'S JUSTICE WAS RIGHT ON. I MIGHT AS WELL EAT MY OWN CYANIDE.
NO. YOU CAN PLEAD TEMPORARY INSANITY, EXTENUATING CIRCUM-STANCE.

SOCIETY MUST TAKE CARE OF THE PEOPLE IT CRUSHES. THE COURTS ARE NOT WITHOUT MERCY.
IF YOU BEHAVE WELL IN PRISON, YOU'LL GET PAROLED IN TEN YEARS.
YOU STILL HAVE YOUR INNER LIFE. YOU CAN DO THINGS IN PRISON.


REPENT. LIFT WEIGHTS. WHATEVER. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DIE.
THEY GOT SCHOOL IN THERE? CAN YOU LEARN ABOUT COMPUTERS IN PRISON?
YES, I BELIEVE SO.
ALL RIGHT--
--DEFEND ME.

END